the weekly Standard

MARCH 21, 2005 • $3.95

THE INIMITABLE JOHN KERRY
P.J. O'ROURKE

WELCOME TO CANADA

THE GREAT WHITE WASTE OF TIME

By MATT LABASH

- Bush-hating expats!
- Multicultural mealymouths!
- Molson-drinking Zamboni drivers!
- Gordon Lightfoot lovers!

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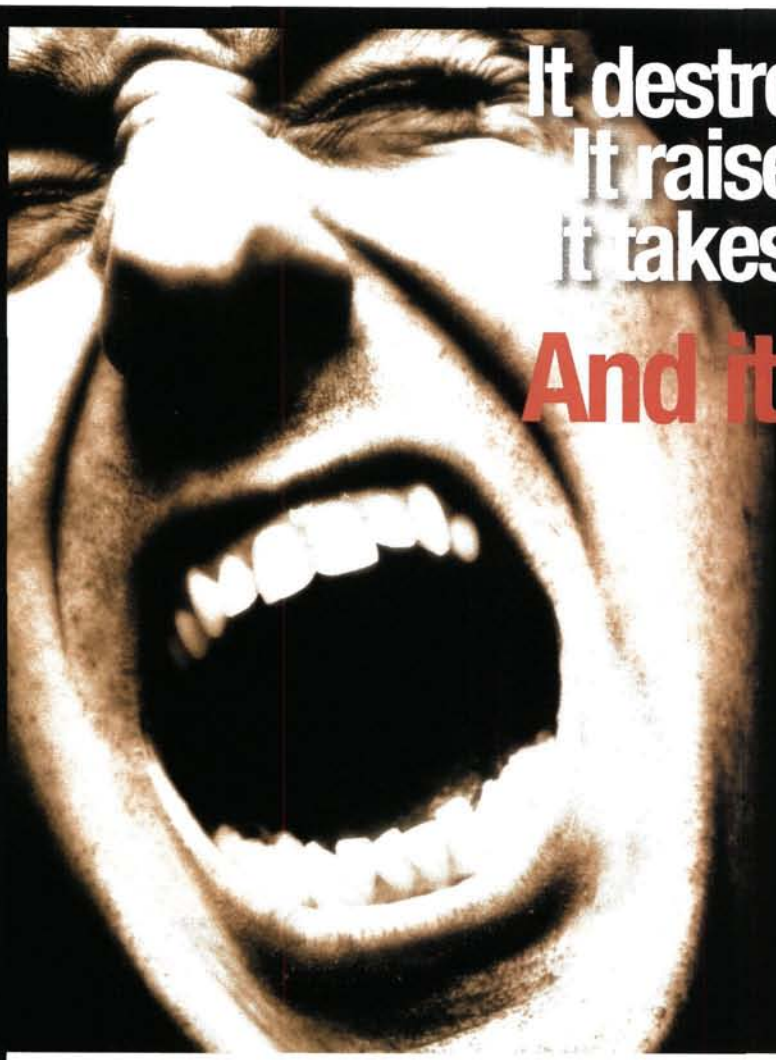

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[1] A January 2005 Tillinghast Towers Perrin study estimated the cost of the U.S. tort system to be $245 billion in 2003, or $845 per person.

[2] Mississippi has recently made reforms to its legal system that, when fully implemented, may change its future ranking.

Paid for by the U.S. Chamber Institute for Legal Reform, 1615 H Street, NW, Washington, DC 20062-2000

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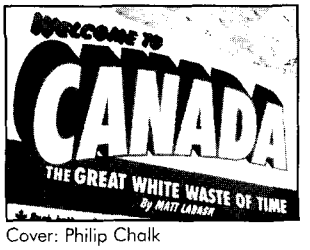

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the weekly Standard

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Neocon Global Conspiracy Update

Greetings, gentlemen (and Comrade Rice). Thank you for coming. Our first order of business is a report from Comrade SCRAPBOOK reviewing recent dramatic breakthroughs in the Asian theater of operations. Our plans for cultural conquest are proceeding apace, as you no doubt saw in last week's headlines.

As you know, for the past two years, while Comrade Rumsfeld's various diversionary initiatives in the Middle East have preoccupied the enemy, our neoconservative global conspiracy has been devoting the bulk of its energies to mainland China. Our ultimate goal, of course, is full incorporation of China as the 51st state, representing two additional seats in the Senate and, according to Comrade DeLay's estimate, approximately 1,985 additional congressional districts. The advantages of such an arrangement from the Straussian point of view are obvious. No longer will we be required to maintain elite authority over the *demos* by means of clandestine ballot-machinery interference. In the future, as Comrade Rove explained at our last meeting, even a Republican candidate who loses the popular vote in all 50 current states might nevertheless—and altogether legally—be elected president by an Electoral College landslide.

Of course, before we can safely effect this plan we must be absolutely certain it is *Red* America that China will be joining. A billion new Howard Dean voters we do not need. So our operatives have been working to establish institutional mechanisms by which the habits and attitudes of the Republican base can be transferred to China on a mass scale. The introduction of evangelical Protestantism has already proved wildly popular with China's vast, poorly educated, lower middle class, for example.

And we expect similar success from our latest campaign, launched just last week.

Some time ago, neoconservative analysts identified the state-owned Beijing Gehua Cultural Development Group as a target for infiltration. Posted on that agency's English-language website is an elegantly cryptic statement of political philosophy: "Civilization improvement is the permanent theme of human beings, meanwhile cultural perspectives is the symbol of social health development." (Comrade Wolfowitz believes this is a reference to Hegel.) In any case, elsewhere in the same document, the Beijing Gehua Group clearly appeals for Western partnerships. "Whether Gehua will become an aircraft carrier in Beijing culture media industry" remains up in the air, they admit, so "we also need the support from relevant national or international organizations, sections, and experts."

You know the rest. At a press conference in Manhattan on March 7, Beijing Gehua and U.S.-based radio and advertising giant Clear Channel Communications announced completion of a 50-year joint venture agreement under which they will mount large-scale sports and entertainment events throughout the People's Republic. And "although no specific programs have been named yet," the *Hollywood Reporter* subsequently disclosed, "Gehua Group has had discussions that highlight an interest in theater and motor sports, specifically monster truck events."

Or, as *Reuters* put it: "House sized trucks that shoot fire" while "crushing everything in their path" may "soon have the Chinese gaping in awe."

Heh, heh, heh, heh, heh.

Incidentally, anybody know where we can get our hands on a couple billion Confederate flag decals? ♦

Air(brush) America

But seriously, folks. Clear Channel Communications really did announce a big deal to bring monster truck rallies to China last week, and it really will be doing so in partnership with an agency of Beijing's Communist party-dominated—i.e., fearsomely arbitrary, dangerous, and just plain weird—municipal government. And THE SCRAPBOOK is worried that Clear Channel's executives may not be fully prepared for the experience. Perhaps they should begin boning up on Marxist-Leninist business administration techniques?

And what better way to do it than by having a listen to Clear Channel's own lowest-rated AM radio stations, whose broadcast schedules the company has lately turned over—what the hell, right?—to Air America, the perpetually troubled liberal talk-show network. THE SCRAPBOOK's good friend Al Franken (who should be ashamed of himself it's been so long since he called) is apparently still cohosting one of Air America's feature shows. But a woman named Lizz Winstead apparently isn't, having abruptly disappeared from the lineup of Air America's daily mid-morning *Unfiltered* program early last week.

On Monday, March 7, without explanation, Winstead—one of Air America's founding on-air personalities—was absent from the show, and every mention of her had been erased from the network's website. The Tuesday March 8 show was a rerun. Then, on Wednesday, March 9, one of the

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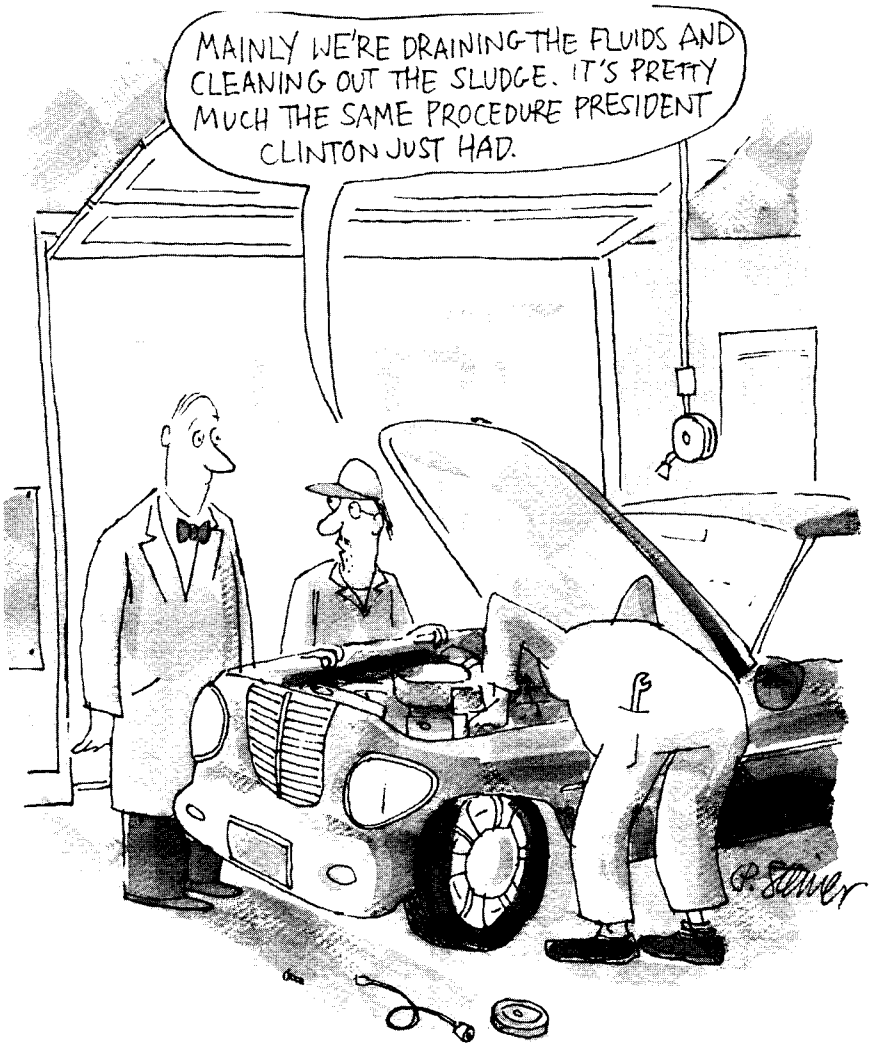

remaining cohosts, Rachel Maddow, led off the program with this:

> We know that a lot of you have noticed that Lizz Winstead is not here in studio with me; I certainly have noticed this fact. I know that conspiracy theories are out there and everybody has their tinfoil hats very finely tuned on this matter. But the bottom line is that, uh, we miss Lizz, we wish her all the best, and *Unfiltered* will be going on without Lizz—uh, with me, and with [rapper] Chuck D, and of course with you. So, uh, that's the bottom line, and thank you to everybody who has, uh, gotten in touch with us on this matter. And that is, uh, where it stands right now and we appreciate everything that we've heard from everybody and you can certainly join the discussion online should you choose to at, uh, *airamericaradio.com*, just click on *Unfiltered*. I'm Rachel Maddow, this is *Unfiltered* here on Air America Radio, and, uh, that is very sad news for me to deliver. I take no pleasure in delivering that. Umm, and uh, just so you know that I'm giving you the straight dope—that is the straight dope.

Air America later released a terse statement clarifying—sort of—that "we plan to take the show in a different direction." Maybe they should try to get broadcast rights for these Chinese monster truck rallies we've been hearing about? ♦

Obligatory *New York Times* Hypocrisy Item

A January 1, 1995, *Times* editorial on proposals to restrict the use of Senate filibusters:

> In the last session of Congress, the Republican minority invoked an endless string of filibusters to frustrate the will of the majority. This relentless abuse of a time-honored Senate tradition so disgusted Senator Tom Harkin, a Democrat from Iowa, that he is now willing to forgo easy retribution and drastically limit the filibuster. Hooray for him. . . . Once a rarely used tactic reserved for issues on which senators held passionate views, the filibuster has become the tool of the sore loser, . . . an archaic rule that frustrates democracy and serves no useful purpose.

A March 6, 2005, *Times* editorial on the same subject:

> The Republicans are claiming that 51 votes should be enough to win confirmation of the White House's judicial nominees. This flies in the face of Senate history. . . . To block the nominees, the Democrats' weapon of choice has been the filibuster, a time-honored Senate procedure that prevents a bare majority of senators from running roughshod. . . . The Bush administration likes to call itself "conservative," but there is nothing conservative about endangering one of the great institutions of American democracy, the United States Senate, for the sake of an ideological crusade. ♦

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Casual

Germany and the F-Word

Jeff Gedmin lured me to Berlin the other week with the prospect of good talk—specifically, an interesting exchange of views with some journalists, politicians, policymakers, Foreign Ministry planners, Britain's ambassador to Germany, and the U.S. chargé d'affaires (our old ambassador has left, and no replacement has been named). Jeff, who is fluent in German, runs the Aspen Institute Berlin, which he has made the de facto U.S. embassy. I was curious to learn whether the Rice-Bush charm offensive had had any discernible effect on Germany's decidedly anti-Bush, anti-American policies.

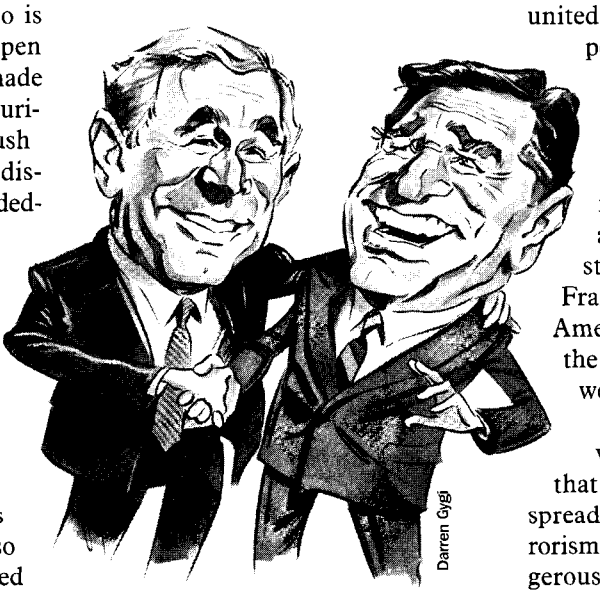
I suppose I should have divined the answer from the comfort of my London sitting room. Instead, I was unprepared for what I learned. The rules of engagement prevent me from identifying the people with whom I spoke, but their views about the president's trip were so nearly uniform that there's no need to name names.

My interlocutors—who on other subjects had wide-ranging views—all emphatically agreed on one thing: Bush should stop talking about "freedom." Several people had counted the times our president had used the F-word. They noted that Chancellor Gerhard Schröder had avoided using it at all. The Germans prefer "stability" to disturbing the status quo by trying to spread "freedom."

They also agreed that nothing would induce Schröder to provide any help to America in Iraq, although he will continue to give marginal assistance in training Iraqi police and soldiers elsewhere. Most felt that Germany had done enough by sending troops to Afghanistan. None expected Schröder to abandon his election-winning anti-American rhetoric.

An underlying theme was that America has overreacted to September 11, which most of those I spoke with saw as an incident rather than part of a "war." Said one, "We know war, and we don't like it."

Two amusing exchanges reveal a great deal. The first occurred at the Foreign Ministry, where an official blamed the difficulties we confronted after the war on Charles Krauthammer's post-battle "triumphalism," which in his view had produced overconfidence and arrogance. I was happy to learn of Charles's power over policy, and didn't try to explain that it just might be that the president had his own ideas.


Darren Gygi

The second occurred after I suggested that Europe, by its failure to recognize America's view of September 11 as an existential threat, might drive America to go it alone, and even to withdraw from European affairs. One guest said that would be awful—"We need the United States as the world's policeman"—at which point another chimed in, "But don't use a gun." Everyone agreed that this exchange captured Germany's ambivalence about the role of America in world affairs.

Add to ambivalence about the United States, schizophrenia about Germany's own place in the emerging world order. Germany is trying to accomplish two conflicting goals. It wants to become a "normal country," exerting influence proportionate to its economic strength (never mind its current 12.6 percent unemployment) and therefore endowed with a permanent seat on the U.N. Security Council. At the same time, it wants to see a united Europe, with a single foreign policy, which would involve ceding substantial control to the E.U. foreign minister.

In short, the president's visit improved nothing—Germany still supports lifting the arms embargo against China; it still sees its future as part of a Franco-German axis to offset American power, although not at the cost of diverting funds from its welfare state to the military.

And in some respects the visit made matters worse. All that talk of "freedom" and of spreading democracy to contain terrorism makes Germans nervous. Dangerous stuff. Unsettling. My cataloging of elections in Afghanistan, Palestine, Iraq, Saudi Arabia, and perhaps soon in Egypt did nothing to change any minds. Neither did the fact that we were sitting in Berlin, where the word "freedom" should have meaning.

Yet, not absolutely all the news is grim. Our discussions were civil, the disgust with Schröder's vulgar anti-American rants uniform, Jeff Gedmin's hospitality impeccable. Now, if the president would only have the good sense to name Jeff our next ambassador to Germany, U.S. policy would find a gentle but firm defender who might—only might—begin to swing public opinion our way.

Irwin M. Stelzer

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Redefining the School Leader

KURT M. LANDGRAF,
PRESIDENT & CEO, ETS

The job description of today's school leader is a far cry from what it was just a generation ago.

Changing demographics, education reform, and an expanding view of schools' role in our society have redefined the roles and responsibilities of school superintendents, principals, and administrators up and down the line.

Today, school leaders are under pressure to close performance gaps; raise test scores; manage budgets; attract, develop and retain highly qualified teachers; monitor policy and the law; even address students' physical and mental health.

These new responsibilities make sense. What goes on in school is critical, but it is not the only factor in determining how — or even whether — students learn. Research and experience prove that when it comes to academic performance, things such as nutrition, family involvement, and political support matter.

And school leaders are responding accordingly. In New Jersey's Trenton Central High School, for example, school leaders are engaging the community through such initiatives as a monthly "Family Literacy Night," which helps parents participate in their children's education, and a "Parent Linking Network," which supports parents trying to motivate their children to stay in school and succeed academically. ETS is proud to be working with Trenton High on these and other efforts to improve student performance.

If we're going to expect more of school leaders, then we need to support them more. Certainly, they need the financial resources to equip their schools with the necessities of modern education — from textbooks and technology to professional staffs that make learning possible.

School leaders also need a framework for action. The Interstate School Leaders Licensure Consortium has developed an excellent model in its *Standards for School Leaders*. The consortium stresses that school leaders should be committed to creating safe and supportive learning environments and collaborating with families and the community in support of learning.

ETS stands ready to work with schools and districts that are committed to improvement and meeting tough challenges, just as we've been working with Trenton Central High School in its reform efforts.

At ETS, we're listening to educators, parents and policymakers. We're learning from sound research. And we're leading the effort to achieve both informed public policy and informed educational practice.

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Harvard Man

Professor Harvey Mansfield's "Fear and Intimidation at Harvard" (March 7) offers a breath of fresh air from academia—which is to say, Mansfield's piece is both true and reasoned.

My only criticism of Harvard president Lawrence Summers is that his response to the outrageous criticism of his remarks was unseemly. On the other hand, if the mark of a great general is to know when to retreat and then have the courage to do so, perhaps his retraction is justified.

Summers's remarks attacked the culture of victimization, the very soul of feminism and much "politically correct" thinking. Yet the one positive outcome of the feminist reaction to Summers's mild utterances has been to reveal, in bald fashion, the vacuous and retrograde thinking of Summers's opponents.

As a result, perhaps more people will become aware that politics trumps reason in the groves of academia and will help restore some degree of integrity to our educational system. And perhaps sometime in the future, when the sixties' radicals are dead and a new generation is in place at our universities, the utter nonsense we are seeing at Harvard and elsewhere will be swept into "the dustbin of history."

Tim Norling
Fort Lauderdale, FL

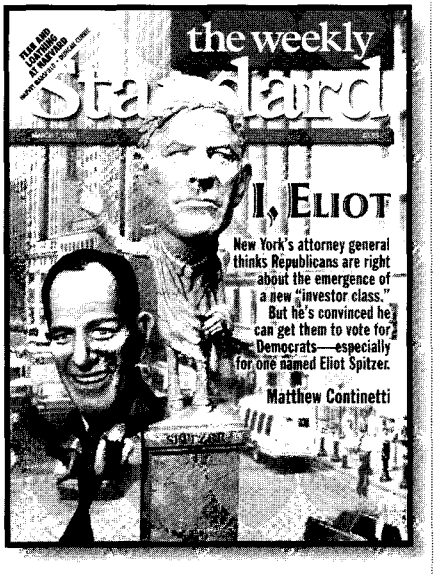
I have no idea at all what Harvey Mansfield means when he claims feminists won't discuss issues, won't argue, and won't entertain rational debate.

Since Lawrence Summers's comments were publicized, I have had numerous arguments, discussions, and debates regarding what he said and what it means. I have read reasoned, researched arguments for and against his claims in the *New York Times*, in *Slate*, and in many emails and blogs.

In a typical exchange, a woman will say, "Yes, I have faced discrimination, and this is what it feels like," and a man will respond, "Yes, but it's not that big a deal. It's not a huge factor in our modern lives. Why are you getting so upset?"—or, basically, "Stop being so emotional." Which, from my reading of the transcript, is exactly how Summers initially responded to his critics.

This feminist does not want the other side to cave. This feminist would like the other side to listen, with an open mind, and to discuss the issue without it becoming an argument. This feminist believes that by doing so we can find some common ground and answers that work for both sides, rather than simply bullying people into defending their positions beyond rhyme or reason. The consensus-building management that Mansfield dismisses has been found time and time again to be an effective leadership style.

That Mansfield and, apparently, Summers believe listening to others and responding to them as individuals with unique concerns and experiences somehow diminishes both their manhood and their leadership is hardly the fault of feminism.



Lisa Nosal
San Francisco, CA

Really Big Oil

In "The Axis of Oil" (Feb. 7), Irwin M. Stelzer suggests that the U.S. government should be more attentive to structural changes underway in global oil markets.

In fact, the State Department, working closely with the Department of Energy and the interagency community in Washington, and through U.S. embassies abroad, is actively involved in protecting America's energy security in an admittedly difficult geopolitical context.

The National Energy Policy is being implemented, and we are making progress. In the Caspian Sea, persuasive U.S. diplomacy is helping to make the Baku-Tbilisi-Ceyhan pipeline a reality, deepening our energy security and the economic independence of Caspian states.

We are also modernizing North American infrastructure linkages. The State Department has streamlined its regulatory review of cross-border pipelines, and record volumes of Canadian heavy oil are coming safely to the United States. Additionally, U.S. ambassadors are working closely with our companies as they make sound economic investments in Africa, Russia, the Western Hemisphere, and the Middle East. Meanwhile the U.S. government is channeling its resources into new technologies, such as hydrogen, that will address energy challenges in the future.

We agree it is healthy to debate the difficult issues surrounding energy security. Stelzer correctly hopes that "somewhere in our government a small group of knowledgeable people" is addressing these issues.

This is indeed the case, both here at the State Department, at U.S. embassies overseas, and through a larger interagency group—all of which serve an administration that made energy security a core priority from its first moments and at its highest levels.

Matthew McManus
U.S. Department of State
Washington, DC

Remembering "Gonzo"

Tucker Carlson's goal as a young teenager, he says ("When the Fun Stopped," March 7), was to emulate both Hunter S. Thompson's writing style and his lifestyle—including the wholesale use of grass, mescaline, blotter acid, cocaine, uppers, downers, laughers, screamers, ether, and amyls.

"I resolved to try it all," writes Carlson. Of course, he then adds "the customary disclaimer about how drugs are bad," but says that for him, "the whole

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experience"—using nearly every drug imaginable—"was interesting and fun."

Fortunately for Carlson, he "grew out of it." But Hunter S. Thompson never did. He destroyed his mind and body, and ended up a suicide.

How many other teenagers will come across Carlson's article some day and be tempted to experiment with drugs? We can only hope that they will be more influenced by Carlson's description of Thompson's pathetic later days than by the glorification of his earlier ones.

Carlson's CASUAL was a strange article to publish in THE WEEKLY STANDARD, a magazine that purports to stand for conservative values.

BILL STETSON
Burke, VA

NARAL vs. Abortion?

THE WEEKLY STANDARD'S PARODY page is always a fitting wrap-up to the sound thinking found in your news articles and editorials. However, when I read the NARAL Pro-Choice America advertisement on page 10 of your Feb. 28 issue, I initially thought you had moved the PARODY to a new spot in the magazine.

NARAL's Orwellian headline, "Please, Help Us Prevent Abortions," and, for that matter, NARAL president Nancy Keenan's entire letter, might be humorous were the atrocity of abortion not so grave, and were NARAL's responsibility for it not so enormous.

PETER RABALAIS
Corpus Christi, TX

Incorrect Correction

A RECENT ITEM IN THE SCRAPBOOK, "Great Moments in Self-Parody" (March 7), is incorrect. The item faults the *New York Times* for asserting that two Ivy Leaguers—Jim Beattie and Steve Adkins—have played with the New York Yankees since 1965. THE SCRAPBOOK says the correct number is three: Beattie, Adkins, and Doug Glanville, who is currently in spring training with the Yankees.

But it seems fairly obvious that by "played with the team" the *Times* means "has appeared in at least one official major league game with the team." This, Doug Glanville has not yet done. (Glanville played for the Philadelphia Phillies last year, and for the Chicago Cubs and the Texas Rangers earlier in his career. This will be his first season with the Yankees.)

So, although it pains me to do so, I must conclude that the *New York Times* is right and THE WEEKLY STANDARD is wrong.

DAVID A. WRIGHT
Collierville, TN

Radio Rodeo

KUDOS TO ANDREW FERGUSON for an article ("Time for National Private Radio," Feb. 28) that's exactly on point. Here in the Raleigh-Durham-Chapel Hill part of North Carolina, we've recently lost WUNC in Chapel Hill to the talk crowd.

However, we are very lucky to have two jazz-oriented public radio stations, WNCU at North Carolina Central University in Durham and WSHA at Shaw University in Raleigh. Both stations provide a terrific mix of jazz, blues, and several other types of offbeat and interesting music programming with absolutely superb, knowledgeable, and passionate DJs.

We are also fortunate to have WCPE, a truly publicly funded, unaffiliated radio station located in Wake Forest, North Carolina, which broadcasts classical music 24 hours a day. All deserve—and get—strong local support.

Ferguson is correct: Advocacy radio should not receive government funding.

RANDALL MARCUSON
Creedmoor, NC

Coffee Talk

AS THE FOREMOST "Starbucksologist" of Westside Los Angeles, where I am, like John Podhoretz ("Café Society," Feb. 28), outnumbered by the Michael Moore-ons, I am surprised that Podhoretz failed to discuss the most essential feature of a Starbucks store: namely, the electrical outlets that facilitate extended use of our beloved T-Mobile Internet access.

I also fashion myself a national-caliber Starbucksologist—I have been to the Starbucks at 93rd and Broadway that Podhoretz mentions—and am happy to report that the most outstanding Starbucks in the category of electrical power availability is located in Overland Park, Kansas, at 119th Street and Glenwood.

That particular store also seems to have a more politically balanced clientele, but the employees differ not one iota from their counterparts in more liberal bastions.

JAY BRAUN
Los Angeles, CA

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the weekly Standard

Let 'er Rip

President Bush has gotten a lot of bad advice lately on how to promote Social Security reform, but none worse than the recommendation he cease talking up individual retirement accounts funded by payroll taxes. Oddly enough, this advice has come from both Republicans and Democrats. Republican senator Lindsey Graham of South Carolina says Bush should concentrate on ensuring the solvency of Social Security. Investment accounts, he says wrongly, have nothing to do with that. Meanwhile, Democrats insist they won't sit down and negotiate a bipartisan compromise until the president abandons the idea of using payroll taxes for individual accounts altogether. This advice would be entirely comical if it weren't so transparently self-serving.

Our advice is quite different. Rather than fall silent on personal accounts, the president should talk about little else. Without the prospect of giving every worker, no matter how poor, a chance to invest in and actually own financial assets, Social Security reform loses its innovative quality. It is bereft of any political appeal, especially to lower income workers. It's no longer even real reform but merely a tug-of-war over how much Social Security taxes are going to be hiked or how far benefits are going to be cut.

Democrats would love to fight on this terrain. It would reduce Bush to their level and operate to their advantage. If the argument is over raising taxes or cutting benefits, Democrats will always win by emphasizing an increase in the Social Security tax rate (now 12.4 percent) or lifting the cap on income subject to payroll taxation (currently $90,000). Every poll or focus group shows that either of these is preferred to benefit cuts of any type. So imagine Bush in the position of arguing for slowing the growth of benefits or raising the retirement age. In either case, he loses politically and probably substantively as well.

But bring individual retirement accounts into the equation and everything changes. Forget today's polls that gauge the public support for these accounts as lukewarm. Touted heavily by Bush and Vice President Cheney and explained in TV spots, Social Security reform, Bush-style, will grow in popularity. Why? Because individual accounts offer something for nearly everyone. For the poor, reform provides an opportunity they otherwise would not have to invest in equities and acquire assets that are inheritable by their children. They would become stakeholders in America, and it would cost them nothing beyond the chunk of their income they're already paying in payroll taxes. And for everyone, rich or poor, it would mean a chance to boost their retirement income over what the current Social Security system would provide. Given the last 100 years of financial history, they can expect their investment income to grow more rapidly than money left in the Social Security system.

Let's clear up a couple of myths about the creation of individual accounts. The first is that accounts would play no role in making the system solvent for the remainder of the 21st century. Not true. For retirees with individual accounts, a portion of their retirement income would come from their investments in financial markets, not from payroll taxes paid by workers. This would not only contribute to solvency, it also would eventually allow for a cut in payroll taxes. True, other measures would be needed to ensure solvency. But absent individual accounts, the curbs on benefit growth or spikes in taxes would be greater.

Another canard is that personal accounts are the same as privatization. Not quite. Full privatization would let workers invest all their payroll taxes in whatever they chose. As envisioned by Bush and other reformers, the federal government would control how much a worker puts in an individual account, the range of investment options, and when the money could be withdrawn. That's hardly a libertarian approach. Oh, yes, there's one more phony charge: that picking what to invest in will be too complicated for many people. Nonsense. People choose car insurance, they decide among lottery selections, they weigh cable against satellite TV, they determine where to put their 401(k) or IRA money. Investment accounts will be no more difficult.

There's a new Democratic line of attack. Democrats charge breathlessly that Bush has been advocating individual accounts since he ran for Congress in 1978 and predicted Social Security would become insolvent by 1988 without accounts. Actually, it did become insolvent in 1983. The *Washington Times* checked what would have happened if individual accounts, invested in market index funds, had been established in 1978. The Dow since then has soared from 820 to nearly 11,000, the S&P 500 from 96 to more than 1,220, and Nasdaq from 118 to roughly 2,050. Retirees would be living in high style. So, Mr. President, let 'er rip on individual accounts. You've got nothing to lose and momentous reform and a booming Republican party to gain.

— *Fred Barnes, for the Editors*

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Kerry Loves the Mainstream Media

. . . And has contempt for the American people.

BY P. J. O'ROURKE

JOHN KERRY EFFECTIVELY ended his political career on February 28, 2005, during a little-noticed event at the John F. Kennedy Presidential Library in Boston. Senator Kerry was being presented with the library's "Distinguished American Award"—a bust of John Kennedy. The artist had portrayed JFK with head slightly tilted. The bust looked puzzled. The award was presented by Senator Ted Kennedy, who phoned it in. Supposedly Kennedy was rushing to catch the "last plane out of Logan" to get to Washington for a vital debate on bankruptcy reform legislation. Why the other senator from Massachusetts wasn't vital was not explained. Nor was it explained why any Democrat was vital to a debate on legislation that was simply to be passed by the Republican majority and signed by the Republican president.

Paul Kirk, chairman of the Kennedy library, former Ted Kennedy staffer, and head of the DNC back when Kennedys mattered, introduced Kennedy's disembodied voice. Kennedy praised Kerry's "passion for the value of politics" and "practice of the politics of values." (Where is Ted Sorenson when you need him?) Kennedy did his best to laud Kerry's thin legislative record: "a key voice on arms control." He added, "I can't wait for Kerry in oh-eight" and suggested this as a bumpersticker.

The rest of the evening was devoted to "A Conversation with Senator John F. Kerry." Acting as interlocutor was *Boston Globe* columnist Thomas Oliphant, who simpered and fidgeted and compared Kerry to Adlai Stevenson.

Addressing the audience of tame Democrats, Kerry explained his defeat. "There has been," he said, "a profound and negative change in the relationship of America's media with the American people. . . . If 77 percent of the people who voted for George Bush on Election Day believed weapons of mass destruction had been found in Iraq—as they did—and 77 percent of the people who voted for him believed that Saddam Hussein was responsible for 9/11—as they did—then something has happened in the way in which we are talking to each other and who is arbitrating the truth in American politics. . . . When fear is dominating the discussion and when there are false choices presented and there is no arbitrator, we have a problem."

America is not doctrinaire. It's hard for an American politician to come up with an ideological position that is permanently unforgivable. Henry Wallace never quite managed, or George Wallace either. But Kerry's done it. American free speech needs to be submitted to arbitration because Americans aren't smart enough to have a First Amendment, and you can tell this is so, because Americans weren't smart enough to vote for John Kerry.

"We learned," Kerry continued, "that the mainstream media, over the course of the last year, did a pretty good job of discerning. But there's a subculture and a sub-media that talks and keeps things going for entertainment purposes rather than for the flow of information. And that has a profound impact and undermines what we call the mainstream media of the country. And so the decision-making ability of the American electorate has been profoundly impacted as a consequence of that. The question is, what are we going to do about it?"

Kerry is hilariously bad as a demagogue. A low subculture and its inferior sub-media are thwarting the will of the sacred mainstream? His small sparks of malice were blurred by vast, damp clouds of Kerry-fog—murky budget critiques, hazy pronouncements on Social Security and health care, foreign policy vaporings, leaden anecdotes, and an obscure protest that 45 percent of West Virginians lack sewer hook-ups. Kerry was led back to the main point by a question from the audience: "How [do we] stop the media from creating and perpetuating the divisive red state/blue state situation?"

Kerry looked sympathetically at Oliphant—a representative of the *mainstream* media—and answered as if Oliphant himself had asked the question. "Tom, I swear I don't have the answer to that. And I'm looking for it just like everybody else is. . . . I think part of what we have to do is have an impact on the economics. The corporatization of the media in America has taken away some of the willingness of the media to do the great muckraking they used to do and to be the accountability folks they used to be. And so you have so many different media outlets that are just bottom-line, and they go where the ratings tell them to go. And there's a top-down hierarchical administration of what they'll go after and what they'll do, and it's driven by the economics more than anything. I think if we were to change the economics a little bit through grassroots effort, then you might begin to see a shift." Kerry did not elaborate on the nature of this grassroots effort. Do we smash the windows of Rupert Murdoch's headquarters? Do we nationalize the *Drudge Report*? "Now, beyond that," Kerry said, shrugging and pausing, "an epiphany of some kind?" Or do we just get in touch with our inner mainstream?

Kerry smirked at Oliphant. Oliphant smirked back. Kerry went on: "A lot of the mainstream media

P.J. O'Rourke is a contributing editor to THE WEEKLY STANDARD *and author, most recently, of* Peace Kills *(Atlantic Monthly Press).*

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were very responsible during the campaign. They tried to put out a balanced view, and they did show what they thought to be the truth in certain situations of attack. . . . But it never penetrated. And when you look at the statistics and understand that about 80 percent of America gets 100 percent of its news from television, and a great deal of that news comes from either MTV, Jon Stewart, Bill Maher, Jay Leno, David Letterman, you begin to see the size of the challenge." (Those were all Kerry supporters or, at any rate, Bush opponents, but this thought —if any thinking occurred—didn't slow Kerry.) "And so I don't have the total answer. I just know it's something that we've really got to grapple with."

Oliphant responded, in a responsible mainstream media way, saying, "Going back to the economics of it, though, isn't this why God created the Sherman and Clayton acts?"

You never know what's going to set someone off. Maybe the mention of antitrust legislation evoked subliminal images of unfair competition, tipping the balance of Kerry's mind and causing miswired synapses to fire. Suddenly he went from having some wrong opinions and even a few wicked thoughts to having—how does one put this in the mainstream media?—special needs.

"That's something," Kerry said, "that a president with a veto pen and with the right of proposal can achieve. But in this particular dynamic don't hold your breath. There ain't going to be no effort to change that or restore the Fairness Doctrine. This all began, incidentally, when the Fairness Doctrine ended. You would have had a dramatic change in the discussion in this country had we still had a Fairness Doctrine in the course of the last campaign. But the absence of a Fairness Doctrine and the corporatization of the media has changed dramatically the ability of and the filter through which certain kinds of information get to the American people . . . "

Kerry kept talking. But it seems cruel to transcribe more. It would be like taking sightseers to Bedlam—or to an '08 Democratic primary. ♦

"I Don't Do Carrots"

The big-stick diplomacy of Bush's nominee for U.N. ambassador. BY STEPHEN F. HAYES

On September 21, 2004, Boutros Boutros-Ghali, former secretary general of the United Nations and now chairman of an outfit called the Egyptian National Human Rights Council, sat for an interview with Mihwar television in Egypt. He spoke in Arabic and, according to a translation provided by the Middle East Media Research Institute, had this to say about the United States: "It's a totalitarian regime."

The world's former top diplomat also declared that "outside America, the American policy isn't democratic" and worried about "the American tyranny."

Is such thinking prevalent at the top levels of the U.N.? Perhaps not. But it is not exceptional either.

In February 1998, as the United States threatened to enforce various U.N. resolutions on Iraq, Secretary General Kofi Annan negotiated yet another "last chance" deal for Saddam Hussein. Annan said of the Iraqi dictator: "I think I can do business with him." As the investigations into U.N. Oil-for-Food corruption continue we may yet learn that Annan was speaking literally. The most generous interpretation of that scandal is that numerous high-level U.N. officials were not corrupt, merely incompetent. In 2004, after the United States removed Saddam Hussein, Annan declared the war "illegal." That his opinion came in the middle of a presidential election focused on that war may or may not have been accidental.

Stephen F. Hayes is a staff writer at THE WEEKLY STANDARD.

Today, Annan runs a body mired in scandal. U.N. peacekeepers in the Congo have been accused of serial rape. The U.N. high commissioner for refugees, Ruud Lubbers, has just stepped down. An internal investigation accused him of a "pattern of sexual harassment" and of "intense, pervasive and intimidating attempts to influence the outcome of this investigation." Still, Annan allowed Lubbers to remain in his position, citing a lack of evidence against his friend. Only when the internal report was leaked did Annan insist that Lubbers submit his resignation.

And then, of course, there is the U.N. Human Rights Commission, which exists to encourage "the United Nations vision . . . of a world in which the human rights of all are fully respected and enjoyed in conditions of global peace." Among the nations currently on the commission making good on that pledge are such stalwart guardians of human rights as Cuba and Zimbabwe.

Things at the United Nations have gotten so bad recently that Richard Holbrooke, the U.S. ambassador to the U.N. under Bill Clinton, invited several former U.N. officials and the current secretary general to his Manhattan apartment for a three-and-a-half-hour discussion. Their goal was not modest. One participant told the *New York Times* the meeting was intended "to save Kofi and rescue the U.N."

Holbrooke did not mince words. "The U.N. cannot succeed if it is in open dispute and constant friction with its founding nation, its host nation, and its largest contributor nation. The U.N., without the U.S. behind it, is a failed institution."

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Those are tough words. That they come from a former top adviser to U.N.-phile John Kerry underscores the gravity of the U.N.'s predicament.

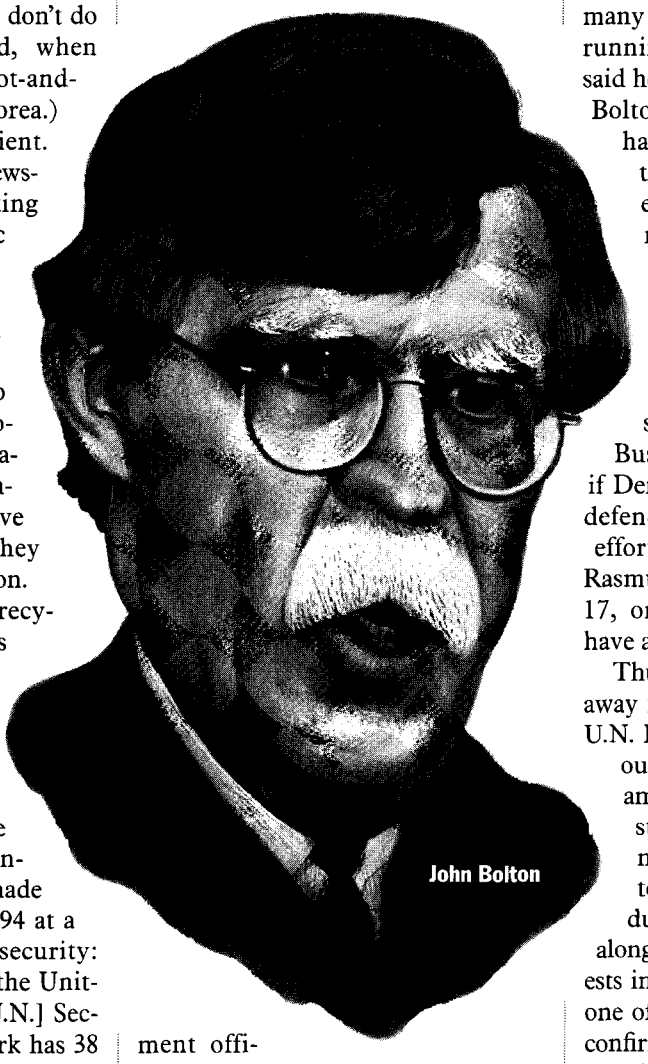
Into this picture steps John Bolton, undersecretary of state for arms control and international security, and now George W. Bush's nominee to be the next U.S. ambassador to the U.N. Bolton has been expressing Holbrooke-like sentiments—and more—for over a decade. ("I don't do carrots" he famously said, when asked about taking a carrot-and-stick approach to North Korea.) One might call him prescient. But many Democrats and newspaper editorials are lamenting his nomination. Democratic Senate leader Harry Reid called the nomination a "disappointing choice." A *Los Angeles Times* editorial called it a "severe setback" to Bush administration diplomacy. Kerry said the nomination was "inexplicable." Senate Democrats last week gave every indication that they intend to fight the nomination.

Democrats have been recycling Bolton quotes from his speeches and writings over the years in an attempt to portray him as a unilateralist hostile even to the existence of the world body. They have focused much of their attention on two comments he made during an appearance in 1994 at a conference on global security: "There is no such thing as the United Nations." And: "The [U.N.] Secretariat building in New York has 38 stories. If it lost 10 stories, it wouldn't make a bit of difference."

They will be less likely to highlight this passage, from Bolton's contribution to a 1997 Cato Institute book:

> Some Americans simply want to withdraw from the United Nations, believing that it can never really be fixed. I understand the frustrations and disappointments that lead to that view, even though I disagree with it. We should tell the world community instead, "Let's make one last effort to put things right in the U.N. And make no mistake, our patience is not unlimited."

For its part, the Bush administration anticipated a battle. "He's going to be ready to answer pointed questions," says a senior State Department official. Secretary of State Condoleezza Rice called Richard Lugar, chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, and Joe Biden, his Democratic counterpart, to give them a heads-up on the nomination. Bob Zoellick, Rice's deputy, called other members of the Senate panel.



John Bolton

Bolton was confirmed in his current post in May 2001 by a vote of 57 to 43. Democrats who voted for Bolton included Evan Bayh, John Breaux, Russ Feingold, Mary Landrieu, Joe Lieberman, Zell Miller, and Ben Nelson. The entire Senate Republican caucus supported Bolton.

This time, though, there are signs that a few Republicans—including three on the Foreign Relations Committee—have doubts about the nomination. Lincoln Chafee, the liberal Rhode Island Republican regarded by many as the most vulnerable senator running for reelection in 2006, has said he will not commit to supporting Bolton. Chuck Hagel of Nebraska has also expressed some hesitation. And Lugar has privately expressed displeasure with the nomination but says he will "probably" support Bolton. Despite this, few observers on either side expect Democrats to derail the nomination.

Fighting for Bolton has a strong political upside for the Bush administration, particularly if Democrats position themselves as defenders of the U.N. against U.S. efforts to reform it. According to a Rasmussen poll released on February 17, only 37 percent of Americans have a favorable view of the U.N.

Thus, the White House has not run away from Bolton's criticisms of the U.N. Rice pointed out that "through our history some of our best ambassadors have been those with strong voices." A State Department source says to expect Bolton to emphasize his reform agenda during the hearings—noting that alongside promoting American interests in New York, U.N. reform will be one of his top priorities should he be confirmed.

When Joe Biden pushed U.N. reform in 2001, he did so with the help of another prominent U.N. critic—Senator Jesse Helms. After Helms held up U.S. payment of U.N. dues to ensure serious steps toward reform, Biden praised the tough-love diplomacy. "Just as only Nixon could go to China, only Helms could fix the U.N."

Except, despite his best efforts, Helms couldn't finish the job before he retired. Maybe John Bolton will. ♦

Illustration by Earl Kelleny

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Fed Up

The Democrats hack away at Alan Greenspan.

BY GERARD BAKER

UNTIL RECENTLY, attacking Alan Greenspan was regarded in Washington as the political equivalent of mugging Mother Teresa: not only wrong, but distinctly unwise. The Federal Reserve chairman was universally revered as a monetary policy wizard, having orchestrated the best U.S. economic performance in a generation or more. He was actively courted by both political parties, his approval seen as a kind of saintly imprimatur on their economic policies and objectives.

This bipartisan endorsement of the central bank chairman was a distinct blessing for the U.S. economy. Markets don't much like the idea of politicians second-guessing monetary policymakers, and they get nervous when the Fed becomes a political football. Though the Fed's independence is established practice, its constitutional freedom of maneuver is more ambiguous. More than once in its nearly 100-year history has the central bank come in for a political battering, and the experience has never been a happy one, least of all for the American public.

So it's rather unfortunate that the Democrats have decided, with a year or so to go in Greenspan's tenure, to abandon this sensible point of bipartisanship and try to sully his reputation with false accusations of political bias. On March 3, Harry Reid, the leader of the Senate Democrats, spectacularly broke the Greenspan taboo when he angrily denounced the Fed chairman in a television interview. Steamed at some positive remarks Greenspan had made about President Bush's plans for Social Security reform during a congressional hearing, Reid launched a scathing attack, telling CNN: "I'm not a big Alan Greenspan fan. . . . I think he's one of the biggest political hacks we have in Washington."

The Reid refrain was quickly taken up by other Democrats. Richard Durbin, senator from Illinois, told *Meet The Press* he was "troubled" by Greenspan and doubted his "credibility." Democrats seemed to be taking their cue from liberal flamethrower Paul Krugman, once a serious economist, now the *New York Times*'s hair-on-fire columnist of the far left, who for months has been accusing the Fed chairman of being a Bush apologist.

But the charge that Greenspan is letting his supposed political affiliations get in the way of his policy judgment does not stand up to scrutiny. It rests on two main objections—that he irresponsibly gave his backing to the Bush tax cuts in 2001, and that he has become a cheerleader for the president's Social Security reform effort in the last three months.

The principal allegation is that in January 2001, shortly after President Bush took office, the Fed chairman cynically changed his mind about the wisdom of fiscal restraint and eagerly endorsed the new administration's tax cut proposals. Having been a powerful voice for fiscal conservatism during the Clinton administration, Democrats say, he flipped when President Bush was sworn in. He gave the okay, they claim, to a massive tax cut that wiped out the surpluses from the late 1990s and produced the current hefty deficit.

As Democratic senator Paul Sarbanes of Maryland said during hearings last month: Greenspan took "the lid off the punch bowl" by endorsing Bush's tax cuts. "And now we've managed to transpose our economic outlook," the senator continued, from a "projection of over $5 trillion in surplus to almost $4 trillion in deficits." This seriously distorts not only the actual economic record—the Bush tax cuts were not the main reason for the fiscal deterioration over the last four years—but also what the Fed chairman said back when the cuts were becoming law and afterwards.

In Senate testimony a few days after the president's first inauguration, Greenspan did argue that some tax reduction was necessary, given the size of the projected surplus, saying the government should not accumulate too large a share of the national income. History, true, has not been kind to this warning; deficits returned quickly after 2001. But Greenspan never "endorsed" the Bush tax cuts. The president proposed $1.6 trillion in reductions, a figure the Fed chairman pointedly declined to back specifically. Indeed, there were reports that Greenspan had privately told members of Congress that he thought the figure was too high. In any case a number of Democrats supported some tax reduction at the time.

More important, Greenspan's "support" for tax cuts was highly conditional. If deficits reemerged, he said, then Congress should rein them in. In addition, he had long argued for the restoration of the so-called PAYGO rules that kept taxes and spending aligned, which expired in 1992. If tax cuts threatened to result in deficits, he said, then Congress should cut spending. Furthermore, he has always argued, not only should spending be cut to balance the budget but, if necessary, taxes should be raised.

Earlier this month, Greenspan clashed with Jim Nussle, a Republican House member from Iowa, during a committee hearing on this very point. The Fed chairman insisted that the PAYGO rules should be symmetrical: Both tax increases and spending reductions should be enacted if necessary to keep deficits under control. Nussle actually accused him of helping the Democrats push for higher taxes.

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None of this suggests Greenspan has become a shill for the Bush administration's fiscal policy. As for the second objection—that the Fed chairman is, for political reasons, actively endorsing Social Security privatization—there's no evidence for that either.

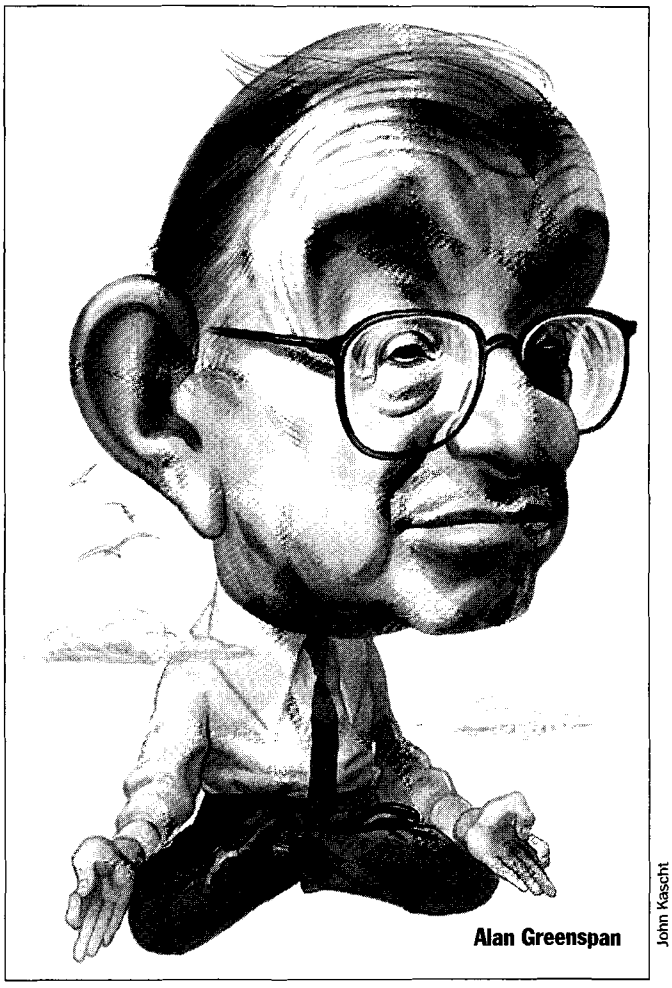
Greenspan certainly favors the introduction of private accounts. But this is not new. When President Bill Clinton raised the issue of Social Security reform in 1997—noting, by the way, the serious threat the system faced and which Democrats now deny—Greenspan outlined a position to which he has hewed ever since. It was that shifting from the current system of financing benefits entirely through payroll taxes to one that is, in part, individually funded would help achieve a much needed increase in the U.S. savings rate.

"Perhaps the strongest argument for privatization is that replacing the current underfunded system with a fully funded one could boost domestic savings," he told a congressional hearing in 1997.

And Greenspan has actually gone out of his way to avoid endorsing an abrupt shift to private accounts. In testimony to the Senate banking committee last month, the Fed chairman urged caution because of the risk of large government deficits in the next decade as contributions to Social Security decrease while retirees continue to draw their full benefits.

"If you're going to move to private accounts, which I approve of, I think you have to do it in a cautious, gradual way. . . . I do say, as I said previously, that I would be very careful about very large increases in the [government's] debt."

A political hack? Not a very bold one, judging by this measured approach. Nor particularly partisan: Greenspan worked well for eight years with President Clinton, who often referred to the chairman in glowing terms. Indeed, when Republicans were arguing vehemently against Clinton's tax increase to close the federal deficit in 1993, Greenspan cautiously approved of the tax hike. He praised Clinton as well as the Congress: "The restrained fiscal policy of the administration and the Congress has engendered the welcome advent of a unified budget surplus, freeing up funds for capital investment," he said in July 2000.


Alan Greenspan

John Kascht

A more serious criticism of Greenspan is not that he is trying to tilt the table in one direction for political reasons, but that he shouldn't really be talking about this stuff at all. Interest rates are his game—the level of taxes and spending are decisions properly left to elected officials. But even this is unfair.

The Fed inevitably has an interest in fiscal policy. The size of deficits or surpluses has a direct effect on monetary conditions in the economy. And the Fed chairman's views on taxes and spending are actively sought out by Congress.

Greenspan has never made a secret of the roots of his political philosophy. He was a disciple of Ayn Rand, after all, and was first appointed to the Fed by President Ronald Reagan. But there's simply no evidence that he twists his economic policies or his advice to further a particular political viewpoint. The worst that can be said is that the evidence—from his five years under Reagan and Bush I, eight years under Clinton, and four years under Bush II—is that he endeavors not to lean too heavily against the elected administration in the sphere of its competence. But his independence is not seriously debatable.

More important than any of the current political bickering or the Fed chairman's policy history is the contribution Greenspan has made to the U.S. economy's performance over the last 18 years. His stewardship of U.S. monetary policy has been exemplary. He has steered the economy past perils of inflation, stock market crashes, recession, terrorism, and war and, in the process, helped to produce the longest period of uninterrupted growth the U.S. economy has enjoyed in a century.

As he enters his last year, this legacy should be acknowledged by all Americans, Democrats and Republicans. But Democrats instead seem intent on tarnishing it with shrill and unsubstantiated allegations. ♦

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Vote or Else

A modest proposal for curing election fraud.

BY ALLISON R. HAYWARD

IN THE STATE OF WASHINGTON, it may be that a governor will serve for the next four years who was not properly elected. Voter registration rolls and election practices are sloppy enough—not just in Washington, mind you, but in many places—that in very close elections it may be impossible to know for sure which candidate has received more properly cast votes. (In three separate counts in Washington, the margins were 261, 42, and 129 votes out of 2.9 million cast.) It is past time we address this problem, and here's a thought: Maybe the United States should require eligible citizens to register to vote, and then to vote.

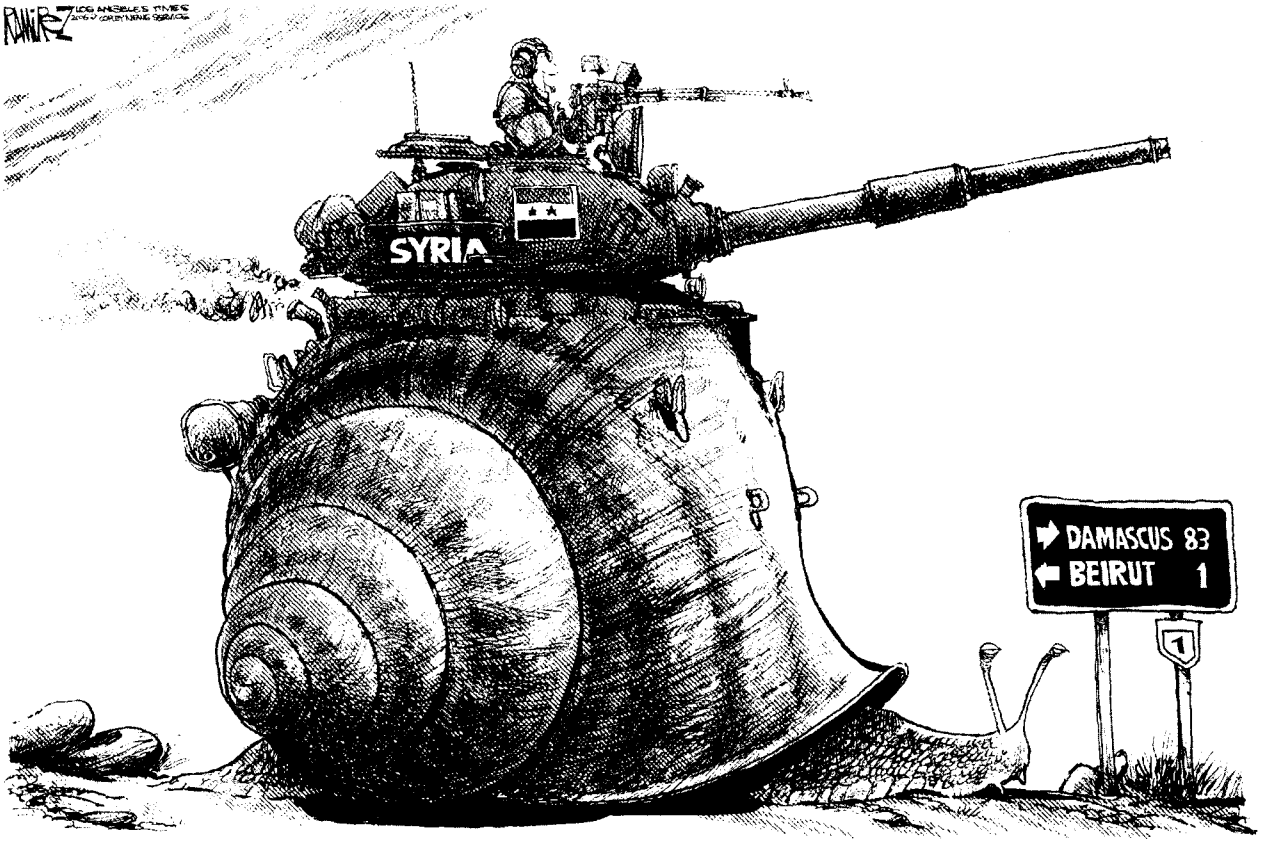
Allison R. Hayward is counsel to Commissioner Bradley A. Smith of the Federal Election Commission. The views expressed here are her own, and do not reflect the position of the commission, any of its commissioners, or its staff.

For most people, this idea is radical and distasteful. Why should we want presumably uninformed, apathetic people voting? Wouldn't they be influenced by caprice, last-minute mud, or improper entreaties? Isn't it a person's right not to vote if he doesn't want to? Only nasty one-party regimes make voting mandatory, right? And Venezuela, for one, requires its citizens to register and vote, showing that mandatory voting and massive fraud can coexist.

The usual defenses for mandatory voting seem tepid in contrast. People would be more "engaged" in government. The underclass would be better represented. "We, the people"—not some motivated subset—would elect representatives. It is not obvious that any of these arguments is true or, if true, is sufficient reason to require voting.

Moreover, it would seem American elections face more urgent challenges, voting fraud and voter intimidation being the most notorious. Yet it is as a palliative to these ills that mandatory voting would have its greatest appeal. That is because a mandatory system would require government to take voter registration—including the issue of fraud—seriously.

Suppose, as in Australia, eligible citizens were required to register and to appear at the polls on Election Day. Election administrators would need to know, first, who among the throng was eligible, and ensure that they registered in the appropriate



Michael Ramirez

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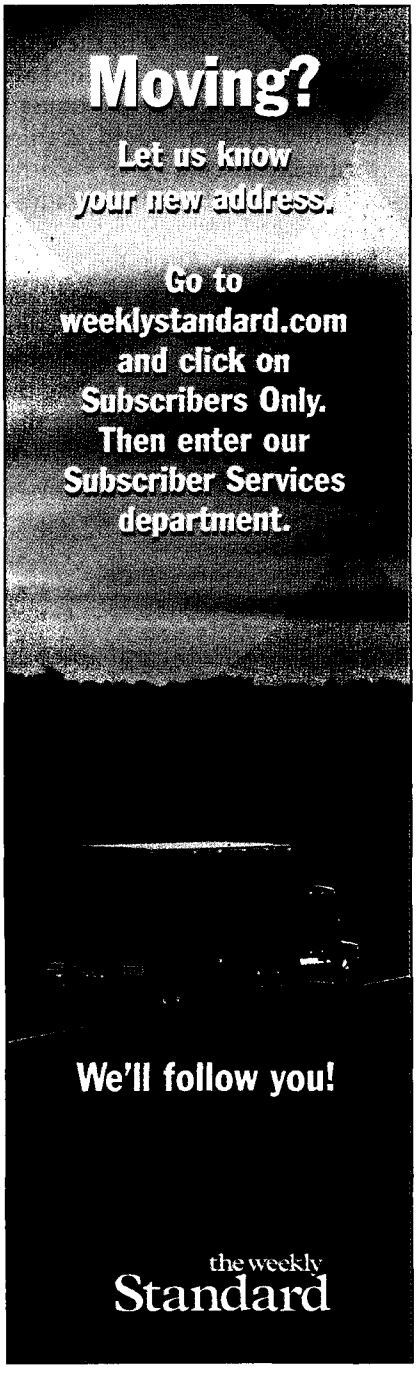
place. Duplicate registrations and obsolete addresses would have to be purged. At election time, officials would need to ascertain accurately who had voted and who hadn't. No more question of whether precautions, such as requiring identification, would be intimidating. And it would be in the interest of a voter to make sure he was correctly identified. With better records, it would be more difficult to lard the rolls with phony registrations. Nor could the converse scam of "unregistering" valid voters be as easily perpetrated. For those voting absentee, the incentives would be much stronger to make sure their vote was received and cast properly, lest they face a fine for failing to vote.



The significant and sometimes mischievous role partisans now play in our current elections would diminish. Just as we don't see private interests going door to door helping people complete tax or immigration forms, the role special interests and parties now assume in registering and mobilizing voters would fade. There would be no reason to go to elaborate lengths to register or ferret out voters at election time—no more cause to slash the tires or block the phones of the other side's activists, or to pay cash bounties for registrations, subsidizing the duplicative, phony dreck that already clogs our voter rolls.

But isn't mandatory voting a little, um, totalitarian? One could argue that—although arguably no more so than having to file tax forms on a regular basis. A system of mandatory voting does not mean that individuals are forced to vote for any particular candidate, or even any candidate at all. If the United States were to follow a system like Australia's, mandatory registration and voting would be mitigated by the secret ballot. If voters do not care to vote, they can simply take a ballot and not vote it, or "undervote" by choosing some offices and not others.

Would mandatory voting favor liberals and Democrats over conservatives and Republicans? The conventional wisdom for decades has been that making voter registration and voting easier—broadening the "base," as it were—favors the Democratic party. However, people who know much more about this than I tell me that the conventional wisdom no longer necessarily obtains. When the base is broadened in some part by false and duplicative registration, as happens now, the side favored would seem to be the one willing to throw those votes into the pool, i.e., to commit fraud. That can have different partisan implications depending on where you live and what's at stake.

The main obstacle to mandatory voting in the United States is that it is beyond imagination what jurisdiction would implement it. Under the Constitution, election administration and qualifications are for the most part the province of the states. How could one, or even a handful, of states institute mandatory voting, given the way Americans move about? It would seem impossible to assemble the essential prerequisite—the list of eligible citizens—unless other states could be relied upon to keep good records, too. The federal government might be able to work that miracle nationally (probably not), but whether the federal government could constitutionally institute mandatory voting has yet to be litigated, and would in any case mean a revolution in election jurisdiction that is unlikely to take place.

Still, that need not be the end of the story. As we see from the antismoking campaign, people can be made to change their behavior through moral suasion. Following the model of California's antismoking Proposition 99, states could institute taxes to pay for massive voter education efforts, shaming people into self-registering and voting, by associating nonvoting with all things ugly and slothful. Groups could receive grants for crafting an eligible-voter database, or for sanitizing the registration rolls. Hollywood-based consultants could place pro-registration and antifraud references in popular movie and television scripts. State treasuries could reward taxpayers who demonstrate they voted with a tax credit.

Or, in the alternative, states could get serious about cleaning up election rolls, educating voters, and prosecuting election fraud. Ultimately, using mandatory voting to push the system toward reform is a little like punishing the victim. ♦

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Dan Rather's Good Deed

His critics should thank him for sinking the Fairness Doctrine. BY THOMAS W. HAZLETT

Bettmann / CORBIS

Rather in 1987, joining CBS workers on the picket line.

WHEN *CBS Evening News* faded out on March 9, marking the end of Dan Rather's career as a network anchor, bubbly conservatives toasted a momentous victory in the struggle against liberal bias. I propose quite another tribute—this one to celebrate the newsman's part in championing the cause of free speech.

Dan Rather provided key expert testimony that figured prominently in the elimination of the Fairness Doctrine in August 1987. Some might suggest that by doing so, he unleashed a tide of real diversity in the opinion and news business, and thus helped seal the fate of his infamous *60 Minutes* report on President Bush's National Guard service. And some would be right—but this irony does nothing to detract from Rather's important contribution to the demise of an egregious obstacle to the freedom of the press.

The Fairness Doctrine, instituted in 1949, mandated that each radio or TV station (a) feature news and (b) offer balanced perspectives. The penalty for noncompliance was, potentially, the loss of a license, thus encouraging broadcasters to offer news and opinion only in their mildest, least controversial form. Yet, the reigning assumption was that speech was being protected by the Fairness Doctrine, not inhibited.

The abolition of the Fairness Doctrine by Federal Communications Commission chairman Dennis Patrick brought a firestorm of protest. A bill to reinstate the doctrine passed the House 302-102 and the Senate 59-31, before being vetoed by President Reagan.

What led the FCC to this bold move was a 1985 report documenting the doctrine's "chilling effect" on speech. One historical gem it contained was the campaign launched by the Democratic National Committee after the 1963 Nuclear Test Ban Treaty encountered populist opposition. The Kennedy-Johnson administration blamed conservative radio shows, initiating (through the DNC) a system to monitor the airwaves and file extensive "fairness" complaints. As one operative later testified: "Our massive strategy was to use the Fairness Doctrine to challenge and harass right-wing broadcasters" into silence. The FCC concluded that the Fairness Doctrine provided "a pervasive and significant impediment to the broadcasting of controversial issues," and that news broadcasts and diverse viewpoints would flourish in its absence.

The prediction was dead on. Informational formats (news, talk, and public affairs), just 7 percent of all AM stations in 1987, jumped to 28 percent in 1995—dramatic statistical evidence of the doctrine's chilling effect.

Conservatives now worship talk radio, and liberals are scrambling to compete, if not reregulate. In 1993, Democrats rallied to revive the Fairness Doctrine; Democratic congressman Bill Hefner of North Carolina distributed a pro-Fairness Doctrine flyer condemning "TV and Radio Talk Shows that often . . . make inflammatory and derogatory remarks about our public officials." But grassroots outrage over the "Hush Rush [Limbaugh] Law" was given voice via talk radio, and the effort stalled. In 2000, however, the proposal resurfaced in the Democratic party platform.

While it's easy to ridicule the Fairness Doctrine today, it wasn't easy before 1987. Statistical evidence of a chilling effect was unavailable while the doctrine was in effect. And lack of such proof led FCC critics to dismiss the "self-serving anecdotes of the broadcaster," as a Carter-era FCC official put it. The commission needed support, a backer of some prominence to defend its bold initiative from legal and political challenge.

Dan Rather filled that role. The commission's official analysis featured

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the testimony of the "Managing Editor and Anchor of CBS News" as Exhibit A:

> When I was a young reporter, I worked briefly for wire services, small radio stations, and newspapers, and I finally settled into a job at a large radio station owned by the *Houston Chronicle*. Almost immediately on starting work in that station's newsroom, I became aware of a concern which I had previously barely known existed—the FCC. The journalists at *The Chronicle* did not worry about it; those at the radio station did. Not only the station manager but the newspeople as well were very much aware of this government presence looking over their shoulders. I can recall newsroom conversations about what the FCC implications of broadcasting a particular report would be. Once a newsperson has to stop and consider what a government agency will think of something he or she wants to put on the air, an invaluable element of freedom has been lost.

Rather was the only celebrity journalist to speak out. The only other newsperson of any prominence quoted by the FCC in support of free speech was Bill Monroe of NBC's *Meet the Press*. With this scant support, the Reagan FCC ventured forth.

Today, talk radio, cable TV networks, and Internet websites all benefit from the First Amendment's protection of electronic media. No single regulatory action advanced that constitutional shield further than the deregulation of broadcast content in August 1987.

Conservatives have been rejoicing over Rather's departure. A glance at their own ranks, however, reveals a number of prominent organizations—the Eagle Forum, Accuracy in Media, and the National Rifle Association—that supported the Fairness Doctrine and petitioned the government to extend it. These conservatives got perfectly wrong what Rather got exactly right. Americans ought to clink their glasses one extra time, without irony, for an anchor who helped new networks take sail. ♦

Professors of Denial

Ignoring the truth about American Communists.

BY HARVEY KLEHR AND JOHN EARL HAYNES

SINCE THE END of the Cold War, documents released from American and Soviet archives have convinced most Americans that long-disputed spy charges against Alger Hiss, the Rosenbergs, Lauchlin Currie, and Harry Dexter White, among others, were accurate, and that hundreds of Americans worked for Soviet intelligence services during the 1930s and 1940s. What has gone largely unnoticed is the frantic rear-guard action by a handful of academics to discredit the new evidence and exonerate these onetime spies. While some who insisted that Hiss and the others were innocent have finally given up the ghost, others concede Hiss and company's guilt but urge us to see their espionage as an expression of true American patriotism. And a few holdouts have refused to admit that the evidence from Russian and American archives is, in fact, overwhelming. Meanwhile, a depressingly large number of high school and college history textbooks still present the Rosenberg and Hiss cases as unresolved or ambiguous and minimize the extent of Soviet spying.

Some of these battles about the extent of Soviet espionage are fought online at H-HOAC, an academic discussion list for those interested in the history of American communism, and H-DIPLO, which is devoted to diplomatic history. There one finds such figures as Grover Furr, professor of English at Montclair State University, ardent defender of Joseph Stalin and the Moscow Purge Trials; Roger Sandilands, an English academic who is the biographer and defender of Lauchlin Currie, a White House aide who assisted Soviet espionage; and David Lowenthal, an American-born British academic, who has taken up the lost cause of his late brother John, a Rutgers law professor who, until his death last year, stoutly maintained not only that Alger Hiss was innocent of espionage, but that Whittaker Chambers was a fantasist who had invented the tale of his own spying. These holdouts have been joined by a retired KGB general, Julius Kobyalev, who insists that Hiss was not a spy, while nostalgically applauding the greatness of the KGB and lamenting the fall of the USSR.

One piece of evidence recently cited on H-HOAC emerged during an unusual libel trial in Great Britain. John Lowenthal published an article in a British journal in 2000 attacking the methods used and conclusions reached in *The Haunted Wood*, a book by Allen Weinstein and Alexander Vassiliev. After the fall of the Soviet Union, the SVR, successor to the KGB, signed a lucrative contract with Crown Publishers to bring out a series of books. A retired KGB officer with security clearances would be allowed access to a selected segment of intelligence files and would coauthor a book with an American writer. Vassiliev and Weinstein produced this study of Soviet intelligence operations directed against the United States in the 1930s and 1940s. When the SVR regained much of its clout in 1995, it grew less cooperative, and the project ran into trouble. Vassiliev prudently left Russia before the book was pub-

Harvey Klehr and John Earl Haynes's latest book, In Denial: Historians, Communism, and Espionage *will be released in paperback next month by Encounter Books.*

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lished and settled in Britain. Angered by Lowenthal's charges, he sued for libel and lost the case in 2003.

One document introduced at the trial was a handwritten memo by Vassiliev, summarizing and quoting from a report written in December 1948 by Anatoly Gorsky, chief ("resident" in KGB jargon) of the KGB station in Washington at the time of Elizabeth Bentley's defection in 1945. This memo has been trumpeted by the diehards as proof of Hiss's innocence. In fact, it is another damning link in the long chain of evidence that establishes Hiss's guilt. The memo enriches our knowledge of Soviet espionage and provides further confirmation of stories told by such former spies as Chambers, Bentley, Hedda Massing, and Louis Budenz.

Vassiliev lost his libel suit, but this had less to do with the merits of his work and more to do with his foolish decision to represent himself without professional counsel as well as his poor judgment in treating criticism as libel in the first place. His notes are, of course, not the best evidence; it would be much preferable to have Gorsky's original report, but that is not likely to be soon released by the SVR, which deeply regrets allowing any access to its archives and has been trying to discredit what information is already out.

In a section of the memo titled "Failures in the U.S.A. (1938-1945)," Gorsky noted five groups of agents that had been compromised by defectors from Soviet espionage. The first was "Karl's Group." "Karl" is identified as Whittaker Chambers, and the group includes Alger Hiss (code-named "Leonard"), Donald Hiss (code-named "Junior"), Henry Wadleigh, Frank Reno, William Pigman, Joseph Peters, Harry Dexter White, Felix Inslerman, and a number of others whom Chambers himself identified. Indeed, of the 21 names listed in Karl's group, who are all identified by code name and real name, Chambers discussed 15 in his testimony and his autobiography, *Witness*. And, without providing names, he mentioned three minor participants whose jobs match the positions of three others on Gorsky's list.

Because the code name for Hiss given in the deciphered 1945 KGB cables (the Venona decryptions) was "Ales," and because earlier KGB memos discussed in *The Haunted Wood* referred to Hiss as "Lawyer," several diehards on H-HOAC and H-DIPLO astoundingly found the Gorsky memo exculpatory. But the KGB frequently changed cover names. That Hiss has a new one in this memo does not prove his innocence; his mere inclusion is yet additional proof that Chambers was telling the truth and that Hiss was a Soviet source.

Gorsky's memo also documents a number of agents compromised by the defection of Hedda Massing, who quietly dropped out of KGB service in the late 1930s but did not provide the FBI with an account of her activities until 1947. Among those Gorsky listed as compromised was Laurence Duggan, a senior State Department official who committed suicide when faced with inquiries from the FBI about his work for the Russians. Other Soviet sources Gorsky thought were at risk included those known to senior Communist party officer Louis Budenz, a *Daily Worker* editor whose conversion to Catholicism was dramatically reported in the *New York Times* in 1945. Budenz, whose account of his own connections to Soviet intelligence has been disparaged by many historians, knew a number of Communists selected to infiltrate and disrupt the American Trotskyist movement.

The memo's largest group of names—counting 44—come from two large networks of agents supervised by Elizabeth Bentley. Bentley began talking to the FBI in late 1945. In her statement to the FBI and later in congressional testimony, she discussed all but 6 of the 44 on Gorsky's list. Several agents she named who were not also identified in the deciphered Venona messages turn up in Gorsky's memo, including Joseph Gregg, Robert Miller, William Remington, and Bernard Redmont (former journalist and professor at Boston University).

Finally, Gorsky listed a group of Soviet sources compromised by Alexander Koral, a New York school district maintenance engineer and KGB courier who broke under FBI interrogation in 1947 and provided a partial account of his group. Among those potentially compromised by Koral, Gorksy noted, was Byron Darling, a physicist who had the KGB code name "Huron." Huron appears in the deciphered Venona cables as a KGB source involved in scientific espionage, including work on the atomic bomb project. The FBI was never able to identify Huron's real name. In 1953, Darling, then teaching physics at Ohio State University and working on a U.S. Air Force research contract, refused to answer questions about secret links to the American Communist party in testimony to the House Committee on Un-American Activities. Ohio State fired him. Darling left the country and taught physics for the rest of his career at Laval University in Canada. He has been lionized by some historians of the McCarthy era as an innocent man hounded by Neanderthals for his innocuous political beliefs. In fact, Darling was no martyr, he was a spy.

The Gorsky memo reminds us that historians who underestimate the extent of Soviet espionage in America fail to comprehend just how serious an issue the loyalty of government employees was. That this damning list of spies is cited by a handful of academics to clear the name of anyone on it shows that hope springs eternal among a dwindling band of espionage-deniers. Increasingly, these people resemble the pathetic remnants of the Imperial Japanese Army who refused to believe that the emperor had surrendered and continued to wander the jungles of Southeast Asia for years after 1945. They, at least, had the excuse that they were out of communication with the real world. ♦

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Meanwhile, Back in Baghdad

Life in a sovereign Iraq.

BY DAN SENOR

Baghdad

THE RECENT SUICIDE BOMBING in the southern Iraqi city of Al Hilla was, sadly, nothing new. Watching the news here with Iraqi friends, I thought I knew what would happen next, since it had happened often enough before I left Iraq eight months ago, when the United States handed over sovereignty to an Iraqi interim government. Then, the Iraqis standing around the bank of televisions in our offices would have turned to me, the representative American, asking why we could not get security under control.

This time, however, the same Iraqi friends ignored me and instead participated in a protest: the first Iraqi-organized mass public protest, some 2,000 strong, in the 23 months since the fall of Saddam's regime. "The Americans" were no longer an address for frustration or salvation. Welcome to postelection Iraq.

And there are many more barometers of a new Iraqi mood, even as tens of thousands of foreign troops remain in the country and the brutal violence continues.

• *Checkpoints and security*—Last summer, most military checkpoints in Baghdad were manned by American soldiers. Iraqis were the first to deplore this "humiliation." But every checkpoint I've been through on this trip has been staffed by Iraqi soldiers.

Now American troops are increasingly behind the scenes, there to help if things get dicey. For most Iraqis, the checkpoint experience has become one of interface with their fellow citizens in uniform—an enormous psychological and symbolic change. A senior Defense Department official here discussed taking this process to the next step by employing Iraqi-only military patrols in the major cities.

Last year, Iraq's prime minister, deputy prime minister, and president were guarded by U.S. Special Forces. When these politicians appeared on local television, a ring of plainclothes Americans was often in the camera shot. At that time, Prime Minister Allawi visited the scenes of suicide bombings to project a strong "large and in charge" image. This effort was hampered by visuals of the tight circle of Americans who were keeping him alive. Now Iraqis have been trained to do the job—another important change.

As for the Iraqi security services, when I passed a recruiting facility in Baghdad, the line went on as far as the eye could see. It looked like a suicide bombing waiting to happen. But Iraqis have not been deterred. As the CENTCOM commander, General Abizaid, put it, "Each time an Iraqi soldier is killed, another steps up to take his place. And since the handover of sovereignty, more Iraqis have died in the line of duty in Iraq than Americans."

When I repeated this story to a Western reporter, he cynically responded: "Well that just shows you how desperate they are for jobs." Perhaps. But then how does one explain more than 8 million Iraqis who risked their lives, not for a job, but to vote?

As for Iraqi security performance, I asked U.S. troops in Baghdad for feedback. Some was glowing, some restrained, but none disparaging. At a minimum, there was real respect on the part our troops for Iraqis risking their lives for their own country. And while everyone agrees that Iraqi forces still have a way to go, their elite teams—like SWAT, emergency response, and counterinsurgency—are performing exceptionally well. They have been fully participating and are often taking the lead in complex and dangerous operations.

• *The Iraqi press*—Iraqi politicians are being scrutinized by a free press. This has been going on for some time: Recall that the Oil-for-Food scandal was first exposed by a post-Saddam Iraqi newspaper. When I stopped by the International Press Center, Iraqi journalists—men and women—were busy filing stories about the horse-trading between the political parties. When the election results were officially announced, Iraqis crowded around television sets in cafés all over Baghdad, watching the news.

The Arab satellite channels themselves are going through a transformation. While Iraqis claim that Al Jazeera continues to be "the mouthpiece of the insurgency," its chief competitor, Al Arabiyah, has gotten serious about reporting news beyond the violence, notwithstanding some sensationalism from time to time.

On Election Day, Al Arabiyah had correspondents go live at polling places in six cities, north to south. When fence-sitting Iraqis tuned in that morning to decide whether to take the risk to vote, Al Arabiyah reported voter momentum rather than terrorist attacks. Momentum begets momentum.

Interestingly, Al Jazeera does not hold the dominant position in Iraq that it maintains in other Arab markets. It did launch about eight years ahead of Al Arabiyah, which emerged just before the Iraq war. But because Saddam had outlawed satellite dishes, both channels arrived at the same time in the homes of most Iraqis.

• *Women*—One of the Iraqi interim constitution's mandates resulted in every fourth position on each political

Dan Senor was chief spokesman and senior adviser for the Coalition Provisional Authority in Baghdad from April 2003 through June 2004. He recently returned to Iraq for the first time since the handover of sovereignty.

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party list being held by a woman. This produced female representation in the National Assembly at a higher rate than in the U.S. Congress.

Such newfound political rights are not as easily reversible as Western skeptics claim. A political constituency is being created, which was exactly the intent of the Iraqi Governing Council and the Coalition when they made this constitutional stipulation. Once women get comfortable with political power, it's not easy for Islamists to take it away without risk of revolt.

The example being set by Iraqis on women's rights goes beyond politics to myriad new women's rights organizations and to women's visibility in the press corps. Indeed, there is nothing more revolutionary than an Islamist politician being grilled by an *abayah*-clad female Iraqi reporter under the bright lights of pan-Arab television cameras broadcasting to the entire region.

• *Arab nationalism*—"What this election told us is that Arab nationalism is dead in Iraq," one Iraqi leader proudly proclaimed to me. If there's any doubt, watch Iraqis select a Kurd as their next president—the first time a member of a non-Arab minority will become the ceremonial head of an Arab country, in a part of the world not known for its respect for ethnic minority rights.

Even Iraqis' lack of interest in the "Zionist entity" is telling. This is not to say that Iraqis are supportive of Israel or unsympathetic to the Palestinians. It's just that they don't share the obsession with Israel that consumes some others in the region. The Iraqi political parties that ran on a Nasserite pan-Arab agenda performed dismally.

At Baghdad International Airport, the Iraqi employee of Royal Jordanian Airlines asked me if my final destination from Baghdad was Amman. "No," I replied, "it's Tel Aviv." He didn't flinch, let alone launch into an anti-Israel tirade or deny me service. His only concern was how to tag my luggage so it could go all the way through. I told a Sunni Iraqi minister at the airport the same thing. He didn't miss a beat, either. Free Iraqis seem to be able to reconcile being agnostic about Israel with being sympathetic to the Palestinians. And, besides, Iraqis are preoccupied with jobs, electricity, and security, none of which they connect to the old pan-Arab scapegoat. Their outlet now is their own political process.

• *Iraqi pride*—When I was working in Iraq, I was struck by how proud Iraqis were of their country—surprising given that the modern state of Iraq has existed for only 85 years. Iraqis were quick to note that, until the Iran-Iraq war, they were always the first in the region, whether it was joining the U.N. or acquiring television sets. Saddam's tyranny destroyed much of that pride, and what was left was dealt a blow by the realization that it had taken a foreign power to liberate them.

Now, in the postelection euphoria, one begins to hear the word "first" again. Iraqis recognize the significance of the election not only for themselves, but for the region, which has renewed their sense of pride. As the spokesman for the Independent Electoral Commission of Iraq put it when announcing the official results of the election: "Today Iraq is taking a new step toward . . . democracy." It was the first "true democratic experience" for Arab countries "and a model for the people of the area. . . . Today is the birth of a free Iraq . . . based on civilized democratic values."

On the day that Rafik Hariri, former prime minister of Lebanon, was assassinated, an Iraqi leader predicted to me that the response from the Lebanese people would be dramatically different because of the example set by the Iraqi election.

Even in Iraq's Sunni-majority areas, many people already resent the Association of Islamic Scholars for urging a boycott of the election, and so forcing them off the democratic train just as it was leaving the station. There is little doubt that Sunnis will participate at much higher rates in the two elections scheduled for later this year.

Even after Saddam's capture, many Iraqis seemed unable to fully believe that their country would not revert to tyranny, the only political reality most had ever known. Now, since the elections, Iraqis seem for the first time to be taking ownership of their country. They are proud, and determined not to let it go. ♦

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WELCOME TO CANADA

THE GREAT WHITE WASTE OF TIME

By MATT LABASH

If the national mental illness of the United States is megalomania, that of Canada is paranoid schizophrenia.

—Margaret Atwood, Canadian writer

Vancouver, British Columbia

Whenever I think of Canada . . . strike that. I'm an American, therefore I tend not to think of Canada. On the rare occasion when I have considered the country that Fleet Streeters call "The Great White Waste of Time," I've regarded it, as most Americans do, as North America's attic, a mildewy recess that adds little value to the house, but serves as an excellent dead space for stashing Nazi war criminals, drawing-room socialists, and hockey goons.

Henry David Thoreau nicely summed up Americans' indifference toward our country's little buddy when he wrote, "I fear that I have not got much to say about Canada. . . . What I got by going to Canada was a cold."

Matt Labash is senior writer at THE WEEKLY STANDARD.

For the most part, Canadians occupy little disk space on our collective hard drive. Not for nothing did MTV have a game show that made contestants identify washed-up celebrities under the category "Dead or Canadian?"

If we have bothered forming opinions at all about Canadians, they've tended toward easy-pickings: that they are a docile, Zamboni-driving people who subsist on seal casserole and Molson. Their hobbies include wearing flannel, obsessing over American hegemony, exporting deadly Mad Cow disease and even deadlier Gordon Lightfoot and Nickelback albums. You can tell a lot about a nation's mediocrity index by learning that they invented synchronized swimming. Even more, by the fact that they're proud of it.

But ever since George W. Bush's reelection, news accounts have been rolling in that disillusioned Americans are running for the border in protest. This prompts the thought that it may be time to stop treating Our Canadian Problem with such cavalier disregard. In fact, largely as a result of Bush and his foreign policy, what was once a polite rivalry has become a poisoned well of hurt feelings and recriminations.

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These days, Canadian publications are chockablock with surveys showing that Canadians see themselves as something akin to a superior race. The prime ministers of what was once a reliable ally that ponied up in times of war have treated us like traffic-light squeegee-men when we've stopped at their corner, asking for assistance with our latest military adventure. They have spurned our missile-defense shield out of spite, even knowing it would save their Canadian bacon. Their legislators have publicly called us "bastards" and stomped on our president in effigy. Their citizens have booed our children at peewee hockey games.

Being bloodthirsty Americans, we have naturally fired a few warning volleys in lieu of slapping them with a restraining order. A few years ago, my friend Jonah Goldberg from *National Review* wrote a piece elegantly titled "Bomb Canada," encouraging us to smack Soviet Canuckistan, as Pat Buchanan calls it, "out of its shame-spiral" since "that's what big brothers do." Canadians responded as Canadians always will when faced with overt aggression. They wrote inordinate numbers of letters of concern, exercising what Canadian writer Douglas Coupland calls their "almost universal editorial-page need to make disapproving clucks."

One attendee who looked like a lost Gabor sister but with more plastic surgery said, "I really can't stand George Bush."

Equal outrage was caused when Conan O'Brien showed up to help boost tourism after the SARS crisis. Along for the ride came a Conan staple, Triumph the Insult Comic Dog, who in dog-on-the-street interviews relentlessly mocked French Canadians. When one pudgy Quebecer admitted he was a separatist, Triumph suggested he might want to "separate himself from doughnuts for a while."

Canadians seethed—though polls show they pride themselves on being much funnier than Americans (don't ask me why, when they're responsible for Dan Aykroyd, John Candy, and Alan Thicke). One MP from the socialist New Democratic party called the show "vile and vicious," and said it was tantamount to hatemongering. Historians believe this to be the first time a member of parliament has so categorically denounced a hand puppet.

With the reelection of Bush, however, this poor man's Cold War may be swinging Canada's way. Trend-spotters on both sides of the 49th Parallel have taken note of "the Bush refugee," the American progressive who has decided to flee to Canada after growing heartsick at the soul-crushing death knell of liberalism that pundits declared after the president's two-point victory.

A cottage industry was born. Anti-American/pro-Canadian blogs proliferated, as blogs unfortunately do. Websites like *canadianalternative.com* are open for business, trying to entice emotionally vulnerable Americans to turn their backs on family, friends, and country with boasts that Canada has signed the Kyoto protocol, legalized gay marriage in six provinces, and seen its Senate recommend legalizing marijuana. Vancouver immigration lawyer Rudi Kischer took a whole team, complete with realtors and money-managers, to recruit in American cities, helping potential defectors overcome immigration concerns, such as how to pass Canada's elitist skilled-worker test for entry (*Give us your affluent, your overeducated, your Unitarian masses yearning for socialized medicine*).

Dejected Americans, most of whom already live in progressive enclaves, began sounding off to reporters, vowing to check out of the Red-American wasteland before true misfortune befell them. In footage of a Kischer seminar in San Francisco that I obtained from a Canadian documentary film crew (working title of the piece: "Escaping America"), one attendee who looked like a lost Gabor sister but with more plastic surgery said, "I really can't stand George Bush. I can't stand this culture, which is very selfish, aggressive, and mean, violent I think." After going to Canada for just a half an hour from Buffalo, she concluded, "It was like a completely different country. . . . The people seemed more internationally aware, not so isolated and unilateral. There was less evidence of commercialism and corporations. People were friendly."

It sounded like such an idyllic Rainbowland that I had to see it for myself. So I flew to Vancouver in late January to get a closer look and to meet up with several already-arrived and soon-to-be American expatriates. Taking a day or so to get acclimated, I threw myself into this unspoiled Eden by going to the multinational Virgin megastore to purchase some Joni Mitchell and Leonard Cohen CDs (buy Canadian!). I also looked for Canada's greatest (only?) contribution to world cuisine, Tim Hortons donuts, which is owned by the American fast-food behemoth Wendy's.

With nothing but a Lonely Planet map and a thirst for knowledge, I sought out Vancouver's landmarks—the Gastown clock, which lets out steam and whistle-toots every 15 minutes, Brandi's Exotic Nightclub, where Ben Affleck fraternizes with strippers when in town, and the Amsterdam Café, where potheads openly smoke the

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potent BC bud, taunting tobacco users, who are confined to a glass cage like common criminals. (The tokers snack on "jones soda" and "chronic candy" and other foodstuffs so cutely named it could make even the most maniacal libertarian cheer for mandatory minimums.)

To see Canadian progressivism in action, though, I trekked down to the East Side, Vancouver's Compton, where the storefront Supervised Injection Site caters to junkies on the government teat. With the surrounding streets hosting an open-air drug market, the Site was conceived as a way to rid the neighborhood of discarded drug paraphernalia and promote "safe" drug-taking practices. In typical Canadian fashion, it's a long way around the barn to get rid of litter.

If the Site has in fact encouraged addicts to do their drugs off the streets, they still buy them right outside. To reach the place, I have to pass through a herd of about 100 junkies over a four-block radius. They offer to sell me all manner of substances my company won't let me expense. When I make it inside the Site, along with several itchy, twitchy customers in search of free cookers and needles and a clean booth to shoot themselves silly, an attendant tells me that unless I'm there to take drugs, I can't stay without a media relations escort. "What we do here is important, so we try to keep a low profile," he says, perhaps oblivious to the hypodermic needle that's embossed on the door.

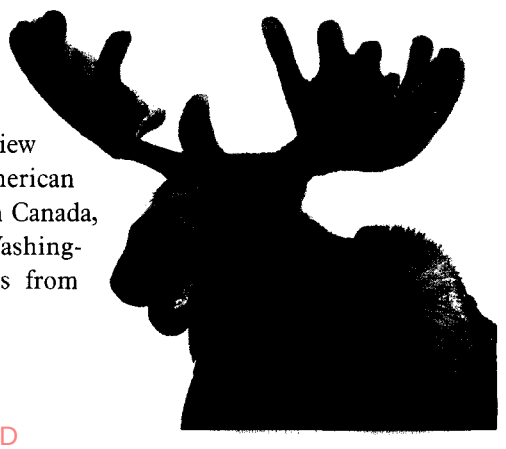
The staffers aren't rude, however, and retrieve for me a helpful government brochure called "The Safer Fix" that has made me something of an expert on the proper way to tie off. Though it's a bit mind-blowing to a law-and-order American, this is actually pretty small beer, compared with a new Canadian government-funded study called the North American Opiate Medication Initiative. While the Supervised Injection Site is strictly a bring-your-own-smack affair, the new experiment will study the effects of giving half of the drug-addicted research subjects heroin, while the other half get methadone. As a female attendant describes it to me, we agree that it must really suck for the methadoners. But for the other side? "Dude!" she says, stating the obvious, "free drugs for a year!"

Rudi Kischer, the immigration lawyer who went trolling for clients south of the border, has probably done more than any single person besides George Bush to induce Americans to become former Americans. At the top of a high-rise building overlooking Coal Harbor, where seaplanes land in steady succession, Kischer invites me into his office. He is tall, with the bland good looks of a soap-opera extra. By way of an ice-breaker, I tell him I flunked the skilled-worker test, and so became a journalist. He says not to worry. Up until a few years ago, lawyers were completely banned from immigrating, the first fact I've heard that recommends his country.

While numbers are hard to come by, it is generally thought that some thousands of Americans are poised to change countries, making them the largest influx Canada has seen since our draft dodgers came this way during Vietnam—much less since Brit-loving Loyalists were shown the door to what was then New France by American revolutionaries. Whether or not this is true, Kischer has plenty of horror stories from interested clients: concerned parents who are moving so their children won't be drafted into Bush's war machine, the rich guy who lives on a yacht and would rather pay exorbitant Canadian taxes than bear the shame of flashing his imperialist American passport when sailing into foreign ports.

I tell Kischer it's a bit much to swallow that so many Americans are being persecuted for disagreeing with the president, since we live in what most regard as a fly-your-freak-flag country. Take me. I wasn't keen on the war in Iraq, and I work in the belly of the neocon beast that gets partial credit for hatching it, yet I've never felt a lick of persecution for offering dissent. Kischer studied briefly at Duke (former basketball great Danny Ferry was in his poli-sci class, he says excitedly), so when I ask him if he ever felt oppressed in America, he laughs as if I've asked a ridiculous question. Of course not, he says, "but it depends on personality types, too. I'm a lawyer, so I've had worse things said to me by better people, right?"

When in America, he blended seamlessly, he says, with everyone else who shops at the same khaki-shorts store. People didn't really suspect he was Canadian, since Canada's not on the radar. "I read one article about Canada in four months," he adds. "It said the socialists are about to take over the government. From the American viewpoint, maybe they already have." Kischer voices a typical concern. Canadians are traditionally so insecure about the lack of attention we pay them that their government has even paid American universities $300,000 to study them. One of the foremost Canadian Studies programs in the country is at Duke. A professor in the program has said, "We're the most important university to make a serious effort to study Canada. That's like being the best hockey team in Zimbabwe."



My first interview with an American comes not in Canada, but in Bellingham, Washington, about 90 minutes from

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Vancouver. I drive south and clear the Peace Arch border faster than I could a McDonald's drive-thru line (note to Homeland Security), and meet up with Christopher Key in his middle-class rambler with a for-sale sign in the yard. Key is still a patriot, but he hopes to soon be an expatriate. He's descended from "Star Spangled Banner"-writer Francis Scott Key, who he admits "wasn't much of a poet."

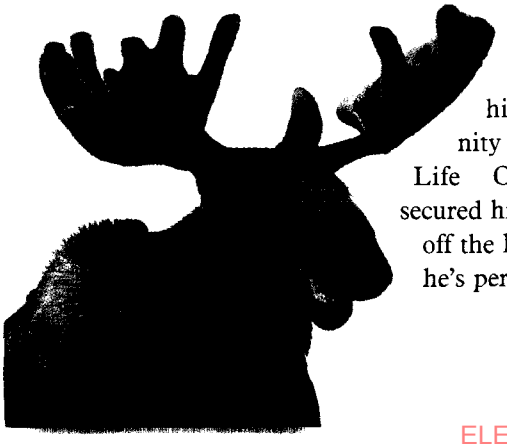
He has become a minor celebrity of sorts, profiled by everyone from the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation to the *New York Times* (whose reporter flies in the day after me). The silver-haired Key looks like a Chamber of Commerce burgher. He likes to point out he's not some stereotypical longhair, having just left his editor's gig at a failing business magazine. He's had several other career incarnations too: everything from art gallery owner to charter-boat skipper.

But Key's weirdest job was in the military, when he served in Vietnam. "They called it 'press liaison,' I think, but I was a news censor," he says. As a wet-behind-the-ears 19-year-old, he was supposed to tell media bigshots like Ed Bradley what they could and could not cover. They all ignored him. "My take," he says, "is that while I had an odious job, I managed to do it very poorly."

Key caught shrapnel on one mission, and later was ambushed in the central highlands. While running to his truck, he felt a stitch in his side. The wound took out a good bit of his right kidney, and served as his ticket home.

Though Key wasn't bullish on the war when he was drafted, he never thought of fleeing to Canada to beat it. He comes from a long military line, and running isn't what his family does. But since Bush was elected in 2000, he says he's watched the country go into a tailspin, becoming less tolerant, more mean-spirited, more judgmental. In the past, Key waited out Nixon and Reagan. "I voted for Dukakis," he says. "I'm used to losing." But the war in Iraq pushed him closer to the edge, and at about 3 A.M. the day after the election, he made his decision to eject. "All the voices of moderation—Colin Powell—were going to be replaced by yes-people like Condoleezza Rice. It's going to get worse."

He says that when satellite trucks first started showing up in his driveway, the neighbors were atwitter. He loves his neighbors, a healthy mix of Republicans and Democrats. They regularly get together for barbecues, and come see him perform in community theater. As a Universal Life Church minister—he secured his ordination certificate off the Internet for 25 bucks—he's performed their weddings and funerals. But they couldn't talk him into staying, even though his adult daughter lives next door with her family, and her former twin sister, now her twin brother, lives in Seattle. How could he stay in a place that would frown on his performing the wedding of his own daughter/son?



"Come again?" I ask.

"This gets confusing," he apologizes. His second daughter, Bonnie, it seems, "who became my son, was a lesbian before he went transgender," making him heterosexual. The twins are actually scheduled to go on *Oprah* to discuss this. I think I understand, but ask for a flow chart to make sure. "Listen, it won't help. It looks like an explosion in a spaghetti factory," he says. "I can't keep up—how the hell can you?"

While Key puts a premium on Canadian tolerance, he's spent long enough in the country to understand it's not Canaan. A part-time blogger, he's even written pieces with titles like "The Canadian Identity Crisis," in which he tweaks his future compatriots for being America-fixated ninnies, and for coasting on their reputation for politeness. While Canadians don't exhibit road rage, he says, they are carpool-lane cheaters and worse: "Victoria dumps its untreated sewage into the waters off Vancouver Island. How impolite can you get?"

Still, Key is leaving his homeland, and he's sick of hearing from talk-show types who say good riddance on the one hand and he should stay and fight on the other. "Shouldn't you?" I ask, picking up the latter sentiment. After all, he gets along beautifully even with his Republican neighbors, and nobody except a few journalists has questioned his patriotism. So how bad, really, is the alleged cauldron of intolerance known as America? Isn't he boxing with Sean Hannity's shadow, responding not to the America he actually knows, but to the polarized version of it that lives in his cable box?

Besides, I suggest in a windy disquisition (I've had wine with lunch) after hearing at length how he once marched for civil rights and against Vietnam, even if this ugly America is as pervasive as he says, isn't it our duty as Americans to get in on the debate, to jump into the sandbox and hit somebody on the head with a shovel while no one's looking? It's what made our country great. Our forefathers may have quit their home countries once upon a time, but they came here to build a better one.

He isn't buying. "I'm f—ing tired," he says, "and I don't need to rebuild the country. There's a perfectly good one 30 miles away."

Just how perfectly good a country Canada is, is a matter of dispute. The expats I eventually meet buy into Canadian self-mythologizing without so much as giving the

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tires a kick. Yet even some Canadians gag on the constant stream of virtue-proclaiming advertorials that are, for lack of a better word, a crock. This is self-evident in the pathological Canadian claims of modesty and politeness.

Will Ferguson is a cockeyed nationalist and brilliant satirist, who calls his country "a nation of associate professors." In his book *Why I Hate Canadians*, he writes that his countrymen even boast about their Great Canadian Inferiority Complex. While it's difficult to go five minutes without hearing how collectively nice Canadians are, Ferguson says, "what we fail to realize is that self-conscious niceness is not niceness at all; it is a form of smugness. Is there anything more insufferable than someone saying, 'Gosh, I sure am a sweet person, don'tcha think?'"

This strain of nails-on-the-blackboard nationalism is most evident in the recent bestseller *Fire and Ice*, an Americans-are-from-Mars, Canadians-are-from-Venus study of the two countries' values by Canadian sociologist Michael Adams. Based on three head-to-head values surveys done over a decade, it shows Americans coming up short on matters from militarism to materialism. This is hardly news. But Adams pushes his luck, giving conventional wisdom a twirl by advancing that it is the Americans who are actually the slavish followers of an established order, while Canadians are rugged individualists and autonomous free thinkers.

When Canadians were asked to name both the greatest living and the all-time greatest Canadian, 76 percent said "no one comes to mind."

Give Adams points for cheek. His is, after all, a country that didn't bother to draft its own constitution until 1982, that kept "God Save the Queen" as its national anthem until 1980, and that still enshrines its former master's monarch as its head of state. Her Canadian title is "Elizabeth the Second, by the Grace of God, of the United Kingdom, Canada and Her other Realms and Territories Queen (breath), Head of the Commonwealth, Defender of the Faith." Maybe they should change their national anthem again, to Britney Spears's "I'm A Slave 4 U."

After suffering through Adams's book, I decided two can practice snake-oil sociology. So I spent three days on Nexis kicking up every comparison-survey and statistic I could find on American/Canadian values. I became so gripped with the subject I could have been mistaken for a Canadian.

This unscientific research quickly confirmed that Canadians are bizarrely obsessed with us, binge-eating out of our cultural trough, then pretending it tastes bad. Plainly the two things Canada needs most are a mirror and a good psychiatrist.

Though they don't know who they are, they know they're not us (roughly 9 out of 10 comparison surveys are done by Canadians), so they bang that drum until their hands bleed. Still, it seems there is almost nothing Canadian that isn't informed in some way by America. When the late Canadian radio host Peter Gzowski had a competition to come up with a phrase comparable to "American as apple pie," the winner was "As Canadian as possible, under the circumstances." In 1996, when Canadians were asked to name both the greatest living and the all-time greatest Canadian, 76 percent said "no one comes to mind." Another survey showed them to believe that the most famous Canadian was Pamela Anderson, star of America's *Baywatch*. When Canadians were asked to name their favorite song, they settled on one by a good Canadian band, The Guess Who. The song: "American Woman."

Several years ago, Molson beer aired a commercial featuring Joe Canadian, a regular beer-drinking Joe who went on a rant aboot what Canadians are and aren't (not fur traders or dog sledders; they pronounce it "about," not "aboot"). He became a media darling and a national mascot. Then the actor who played Joe moved to Hollywood to find work. When he returned, tail tucked between legs, even he admitted, "I think, yeah, it is a little sad that Canadians draw their identity not so much from 'I am Canadian' as 'I am not American.'"

While Canadians pride themselves on knowing more about us than we do about them (undoubtedly true), the problem—captured in a survey done for Canada Day in 2000—is that even historically challenged Americans know more about ourselves than Canadians do about themselves. In parallel 10-question quizzes on everything from our first president/prime minister to the words of our respective national anthems, 63 percent of Americans scored five or more right answers. Only 39 percent of Canadians did. One Canadian television critic expressed disbelief, writing, "Average Americans appear to be in worse shape—judging by the evidence on TV, anyway." She would know, since at the time of her comment, 92 percent of the comedies and 85 percent of the dramas on Canadian television were made elsewhere, mainly in America.

Where Canada fails is no big secret. Most of us know that its universal health care is a great thing, if you don't mind waiting, say, nine months for an MRI on your spinal cord injury. We all know Canadians are overregulated, to the point that Canadian rocker Bryan Adams was denied "Canadian content status" for cowriting an album with a British producer, limiting the play his songs

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could receive on the radio (a policy that's supposed to encourage Canadian talent, but that in Adams's words "encourage[s] mediocrity. People don't have to compete in the real world. . . . F—ing absurd").

We all know the Canadian military has become a shadow of itself. Things have gotten so dire that a Queen's University study (titled "Canada Without Armed Forces?") predicted the imminent extinction of the air force. This unpreparedness has become such a joke that Ferguson says their military ranks just above Tonga's, which consists of nothing more than "a tape-recorded message yelling 'I surrender!' in thirty-two languages."

What many don't consider is how much Canada has oversold itself in the areas where it purportedly does succeed. While it's true that the government has been much friendlier than ours to gay marriage, only 39 percent of Canadians decidedly support it. While Canada is supposedly more environment-friendly, it has been cited for producing more waste per person than any other country. While Canada is supposedly safer, a 1996 study showed its banks had the highest stick-up rate of any industrialized nation (one in every six was robbed). And while a great deal is made of Americans' passion for firearms, the *Edmonton Sun*, citing *Statistics Canada*, reported that Canada has a higher crime rate than we do.

Canadians are supposedly less greedy than Americans, yet they lead the world in telemarketing fraud, and most of their victims are Americans.

Canadians are supposedly less greedy than Americans, yet they lead the world in telemarketing fraud, and most of their victims are Americans. Are they more generous? Not by a long shot. The Vancouver-based Fraser Institute publishes a Generosity Index, which shows that more Americans give to charity, and give more when they do.

Is the Canadian "mosaic" more successful than the American "melting pot," a distinction they constantly make? You be the judge. Imagine every decade or so America's Spanish-speaking southwesterners holding a referendum over whether to secede. It's happened twice since 1980 among the Francophones of Quebec, and some say it's going to happen again. While America has figurative language police on its college campuses, Quebec has literal ones—"tongue troopers," the locals call them—who ruthlessly enforce absurd language laws requiring, for example, that restaurant trash cans feature the word "push" on their lids in French instead of English.

Apart from the Anglo/Franco teeter-totter that Canada can't ever seem to get off, are Canadians less racist, as many of them claim? Well, like America, they saw both slavery and segregation. If Canadians today are less racist, someone ought to tell their aboriginal peoples, who've spent centuries getting their land annexed and being generally mistreated (as of 2000 in Nova Scotia, there was still a law on the books offering hunters a bounty for Indian scalps).

Recent polling shows 35 percent of Canada's "visible minorities" (such as blacks and Asians) have experienced discrimination in the last five years. Another poll showed 54 percent of Canadians believe anti-Semitism is a serious problem in Canadian society today. It certainly was yesterday. Around World War II, a few Jews did manage to squeak in—despite the policy summed up by Canada's director of immigration as "None is too many." Will Ferguson points out that more Nazi war criminals are thought to have found sanctuary in Canada than refugees fleeing the Holocaust.

But even when Canada succeeds, it carries the whiff of failure. For nearly a decade, the country sat atop the United Nations quality-of-life index, a fact that Canadian schoolchildren could parrot in their sleep. When Canada dropped to eighth, just behind the United States, its collective psyche took a beating. The next year, Canada shot past us again, but not back to the top. The headline in Ontario's *Windsor Star* tells you all you need to know about Canadian triumphalism: "Cheers to us, we're No. 4."

In a sense, Canada is the perfect place for American quitters, as it evidences self-loathing masquerading as self-congratulation. This I learn over dinner in Vancouver. A delightful realtor named Elizabeth McQueen has enticed me with a promise any American boy likes to hear—that we'd be dining with "two very attractive lesbians." She didn't lie. One of them could make a killing as a Courteney Cox celebrity impersonator. Besides, they're psychotherapists from San Francisco. They ask me to change their names to Cocoa and Satchi since their patients don't yet know they're leaving America.

They've come to Vancouver to look for real estate, having gotten married on an earlier trip to Canada. They were politically active back home. They wrote letters to the editor for every cause: "Save the whales, save the trees, save the lesbians," says Cocoa. They hate the war and the Patriot Act and the results of the gay-marriage resolutions. They hate the conservative agenda and fundamentalist crackers and all the other usual suspects. They hate it that Karl Rove, in Cocoa's words, helped to elect "an alcoholic

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butthead who can't put two sentences together, cocaine addict, married to a frigid drunk-driver-murderer-Martha-Stewart wannabe."

But beneath all her gracious sentiments is something else: a loss of faith. When describing how she feels traveling abroad, Cocoa sounds like the old joke about how Canadians apologize when you step on their shoes: "I felt ashamed as I was going everywhere with my American passport. It was just like 'I'm so sorry.' . . . After the last election, I kind of lost faith in what we Americans are doing in our country."

Even many Canadians recognize that theirs is a faithless country compared with America. Not just in terms of religious belief—though they are much less fervent. As *National Post* columnist Andrew Coyne recently wrote in a piece chiding his countrymen for regarding American patriotism as cheap sentiment, "You see, in Canada we gave up believing years ago: in religion, in ideals, in much of anything, really. Secure as we were under the American defense umbrella, we were infantilized; having no need to defend ourselves, we could not understand why anyone else would have more. Or perhaps it was this: having renounced even the wish to defend ourselves, having absorbed the notion that the country could be destroyed at any moment by a vote of half the population of one province [Quebec], what was left to believe?"

There are some American expats, however, who are of more robust stock. I journey out to a hippie-leftover, New Agey enclave on British Columbia's far western shore, Quadra Island, where I actually smell spliffy smoke on the ferry ride over. At the island's edge lies the Heriot Bay Inn, owned by American Lorraine Wright. She bought it last year after moving north a while ago, partly for business opportunities, partly because of the political climate back home.

On this island, natural beauty surrounds us. Nick, her boat captain (she also owns a whale and grizzly-watching adventure tours business) takes me out through choppy coastal sounds to deliver explosives to a remote construction site, since he doubles as a water-taxi in the off-season. We look for sea lions and seals, which the locals call "rock sausages." They often serve as finger-food for transient killer whales.

One night in Wright's wood-paneled, maritime-themed bar, I meet her cast of regulars. There's the bar curmudgeon Bruce, who shakes hands with one that has lost a finger to a circular saw. He seems to like being on my tab, but spends most of the night whispering anti-Americanisms in my ear. There's oyster farmer Brian, whose border collie lolls between the tables. He offers to call up a Vietnam draft-dodger friend who might make a good interview, though the friend's not home, just as he wasn't when his country called.

Lorraine, who has a large personality and a barbed wit, blows in like a northerly in an orange Arc'teryx jacket. We tuck into a discreet corner where the barmaid keeps finding us with a steady supply of my whiskeys (bourbon, not Canadian—drink American!) and her cosmopolitans. For the next four hours, I and this former surfer girl from California, born to a Republican family before she became a bleeding heart, go at it like two drunks in a bar fight, which come to think of it, we half resemble.

She calls herself a "compassionate capitalist" and clowns on my old Clinton-bashing pieces, which she's pulled off the Internet. I try my level best to make her feel like Benedict Arnold, who lost the fight when we invaded Quebec during the Revolution, before he slunk off to England. Instant friends, with similar sensibilities, we throw flurries of rabbit and kidney punches. But just when I think my roundhouse is going to drop her like a sack of potatoes—after I posit that real Americans, whatever their political persuasion, are fighters, not runners—Wright clocks me with this:

"America is built on people leaving places. We're a country of people who've left. Constitutionally, the pursuit of happiness is something we not only honor, but something we legally protect. This ain't Russia. I don't have to stay. This ain't Cuba. I can leave.

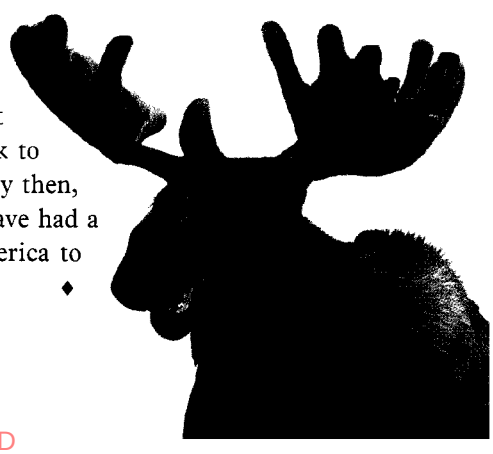
"In fact, find me one American who would make me stay and fight. They'd say no, go, do what's right for you. I found happiness here. I'll be in BC the rest of my life. I pray to God that I don't die somewhere else, that I'm not vacationing somewhere when I die, because that would bum me out. . . .

"Pursue your happiness. We were the first country to do it. And we live for that, the fact that people have personal rights. Go where you want. Do what you want. The fact that I chose Canada is almost a bigger embodiment of the American dream. . . . I still love America."

"So you're saying being unpatriotic is an act of patriotism?" I counter, though my heart is no longer in it.

"I've had too many cocktails for that one," Wright says.

I settle the tab, and the next morning I'm off, promising that someday I'll come back to visit with my family. By then, with any luck, she'll have had a chance to explain America to her new countrymen. ♦



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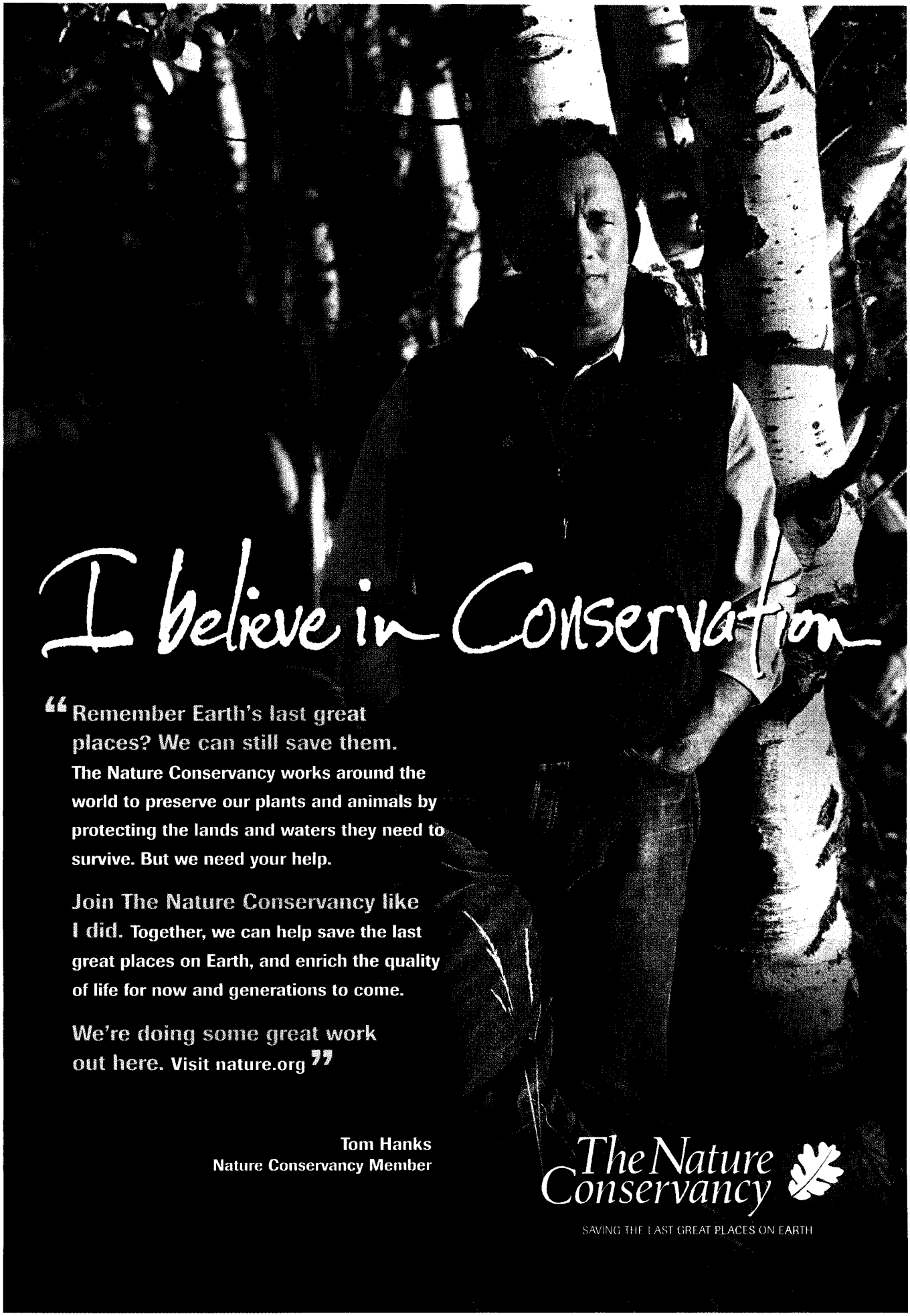

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Goodnight, Chet
Goodnight, David

Bettmann / CORBIS

Decline and Fall

Broadcast journalism isn't what it used to be—and won't be again

By Bob Zelnick

In *Bad News*, longtime CBS correspondent Tom Fenton indicts the three old networks for short-changing hard news, particularly from abroad. It is not a new charge, but Fenton provides lots of details of serious story proposals being shot down and important pieces simplified to the point where much value is lost or, in some instances, never run. Throughout, he writes with the sort of conviction that demands respect.

As he was putting the finishing touches on his book this past January, Fenton's former boss, CBS board chairman Les Moonves, was meeting with reporters in Los Angeles. At the time, the Rathergate scandal was reaching its crescendo. With his anchor of 24 years forced to step down, no credible long-term replacement evident, and his *Evening News* program losing more viewers than France loses wars, Moonves shared his vision of what it would take to get the flagship news program back on its feet. A rededication to hard news? A reopening of foreign bureaus closed by the brutal hand of cost-controllers? A commitment to the values of fairness, integrity, and objectivity so palpably violated by Dan Rather, producer Mary Mapes, and a crowd of acolytes?

Bad News
The Decline of Reporting, the Business of News, and the Danger to Us All
by Tom Fenton
Regan, 272 pp., $25.95

None of the above. With no rival anchor like Tim Russert, Diane Sawyer, Ted Koppel, or Katie Couric to snatch, Moonves would turn to ruse, not news, as the salvation. No more "voice of God" in the anchor chair, he declared. Now CBS would go with two, maybe even three, anchors, perhaps creating the sort of "ensemble" effect that seems to be working for *The Early Show*. And for good measure, why not give *The Daily Show*'s Jon Stewart a real news gig? After all, Comedy Central belongs to CBS. Let's use it.

The course Moonves laid out is, of course, wacky. The ensemble that works in a two-hour format with short top-of-the-hour newscasts followed by interviews with avalanche survivors, Michael Jackson trial analysts, parents of missing children, Hollywood stars, and diet faddists simply doesn't fit into the 18-minute news hole on the evening broadcast. And Jon Stewart? Where would you put him? After the terrorist bomb that killed 105, or the new AIDS virus story? Or perhaps let Jon ridicule the one or two legitimate enterprise pieces that fought their way into the show. William S. Paley, the legendary CBS founder, had his comics, too. Only, as Fenton reports,

Bob Zelnick, chairman of the Department of Journalism at Boston University, and a research fellow at the Hoover Institution, served for 21 years as an executive and correspondent at ABC.

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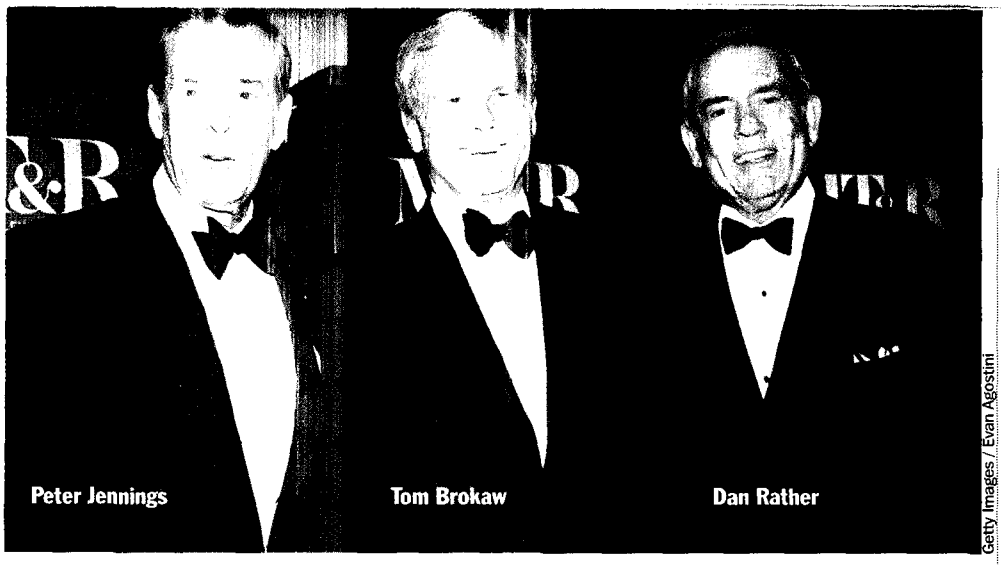

Getty Images / Evan Agostini

he used them to support, not undermine, the news division.

"You worry about the news," Paley told his correspondents. "I've got Jack Benny to bring in the profits."

Paley and the founders at the other networks had big hearts, deep pockets, and a commitment to public service, if not always a detailed knowledge of the news operation. I was present at the 1980 Republican convention in Detroit when former ABC chairman Leonard Goldenson pumped Ted Koppel's hand warmly and said, "Ted, I just love your new program, *Lifeline*."

Fenton joined CBS News in 1966. By then, the *CBS Evening News* with Walter Cronkite had passed NBC's Huntley-Brinkley for first place in the daily news race. Names like Eric Severeid, Roger Mudd, Marvin Kalb, and Dan Rather were making the network a dominant news force. Morley Safer had captured the essence of the Vietnam tragedy in a series of stunning reports from the villages. The young Turks—Richard Threlkeld, Bob Simon, and John Laurence—would soon be presenting accounts from the battlefield suggesting shattered morale, insubordination, purposeless sacrifice—all images that would infuriate the military and lead to a generation of conflict over media access to combat.

Fenton—tall, British-tailored, and well-informed, with an efficient writing style that radiated self-assurance—fit nicely into the CBS family. For most of his tenure abroad, London was his base, but he was no less at home in the rest of Europe or the Middle East.

"When I first went to work for CBS News," he recalls, "we had a Rome bureau staffed by three correspondents. Now we have only three foreign bureaus staffed by correspondents in the entire world." Four of those correspondents are based in London, not because much news happens there, but because that's where the product is "packaged." Footage shot elsewhere in the world by services available to paying news clients is fed to London where a generic story line is written and the package distributed. A CBS staffer might then edit the copy with a correspondent standing by to track the piece and sign off from London, having contributed zero to the reporting involved. The practice, Fenton correctly argues, "can also lead to omissions and errors."

The cutbacks reflect the steady decline in viewers since the early 1980s, when 75 percent of all television sets in operation were tuned to the flagship evening news programs. By 2003, the number was 40 percent and still in free fall. That's still about 29 million people; but the demographics are even worse, with the median evening news watcher pushing 60, a long way from the 18-40 concentration sought by the more stylish advertisers. Nothing that bad could be attributable to a single cause. Certainly, the reasons for the network news decline include competition from cable and Internet operations, conservatives vexed by the networks' habitual liberalism, and a work force of eclectic lifestyles. They also include the liberation of women from chores binding them to hearth and home, and programs that arrest the tastes (if not the brains) of young people before any serious interest in public, let alone foreign, affairs can take hold.

Fenton argues that the cutbacks were a cowardly and, ultimately, self-defeating response to adversity. New corporate owners saw expensive foreign bureaus as easy targets. News operations became profit centers, abandoning their commitment to public service just as federal deregulation was erasing the requirement for any such commitment. Ratings became the obsession, the media consultant the doctor, focus groups the diagnostic procedure, and a light diet of crime, celebrity, and health stories the cure.

Fenton maintains the networks must shoulder their share of blame for the lack of public vigilance that left the country unprepared for the monumental tragedy of 9/11.

"In the three months leading up to September 11," he writes, "the phrase 'al Qaeda' was never mentioned on any of the three evening news broadcasts—*not once.*" Fenton had tried unsuccessfully during the late 1990s to sell an Osama bin Laden interview to his bosses. Specific reference to bin Laden in a colleague's piece on Saudi-financed terrorism was scratched because a producer did not want to distract the audience with a batch of Arab names. (Of course, the *New York Times* wrote a Pulitzer Prize-winning series on al Qaeda in early 2001 with no demonstrable impact on either public or government consciousness.)

Fenton also says that the networks were no less guilty in letting the Bush White House spin the nation into an ill-considered war with Iraq, serving up a "shifty rationale" from Iraq's nonexistent weapons of mass destruction, to the general desirability of regime change, to "the noble goal of bringing democracy to the Mideast."

Among other newsmen, Fenton interviews the three network anchors—two of them now-former anchors—who earn in the vicinity of $10 million per year. They speak disdainfully of money *per se*, a not- uncommon tendency of multimillionaires. They equate it with power and status, but none of the three has expended much in the way of money, power, or status to save the structural integrity of his news operation. Fenton outlines for them his idea to put corre-

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spondents back on national and international beats where they can recapture the hard-nosed contextual reporting of yesteryear: an hour-long newscast. This would not simply be a longer evening news headline service, but include a format that might feature interviews, background essays, and other material to draw viewers back to the networks. The anchors embrace the idea, but none is naive enough to suggest it has any chance of acceptance by the corporate boys, the real network powers.

Of course, Fenton, too, has been around long enough to realize that, in terms of network television, the hour news show idea will also lack critical support at the affiliate and wholly-owned-subsidiary levels.

"No amount of Pew studies or damning stars will shake the owners' addiction to the formula that cheap news equals healthier profits," Fenton concedes. And even in their heyday, the networks could never get their affiliates to relinquish an additional half hour from their lucrative local news hours. When, in the early 1980s, both ABC and CBS formally announced plans to go with an hour evening news program, the message shot back from the affiliates was: "We won't clear it." The idea died.

Regulation to force the issue is out of the question, as the FCC has become, in Fenton's words, "a toothless tiger." An hour show later in prime time is out unless it has the audience-grabbing glitz of a magazine show with, perhaps, an element of reality television thrown in for good measure—say, starting out with Moonves's anchor "ensemble," but with one anchor voted out of the program every half hour.

Frustrated at every turn, Fenton goes quirky. "Why not a lobby that monitors and insists on news quality and quantity?" Because unless those behind the lobby can bring back the lost audience for the evening news shows, nothing the lobby says will have any resonance. Besides, those who might compose the lobby are now something of a lost tribe, having last been seen in Vermont's Green Mountains battling for the right of Buster the Bunny to drop in on a lesbian family.

AP / The White House / Tina Hager

Brit Hume

Fenton's real problem is captured engagingly by Evan Cornog in the January *Columbia Journalism Review*. Journalism, both print and electronic, is today threatened by a problem far graver than corporate greed or government regulation. It is, writes Cornog, "the decline of public interest in public life, a serious disengagement of citizens from one of the primary duties of citizenship—to know what is happening in their government and society." The networks may be guilty of pandering to the public taste, but not of misinterpreting it. As Fenton suggests, run a piece on the proposed oil route through Azerbaijan, followed by an exposition of confessional politics in Lebanon—both timely stories—and you will not only fail to bring back the youthful MTV crowd, but possibly lose more from the adult-diaper set as well. Cornog may be unduly pessimistic in suggesting that there would be no home in today's daily or weekly press for a discourse as magnificent as the Federalist Papers—the *Times*, the *Wall Street Journal*, and a handful of others, including this weekly, might come through—but there can be little doubt that the decline of serious journalism reflects the decline of serious news consumers.

Fenton may one day get the kind of evening news program that routinely covers infighting among the Kurds, Syrian mischief in the Bekaa Valley and the series of Russian provocations designed to destabilize their former republics. But probably not on the old networks he loves. Cable news, which he mainly ignores, could eventually come closer to delivering what Fenton wants because its user fees and all-news format make it somewhat less ratings-dependent. CNN, which has never managed to deliver a coherent, well-produced news hour, will soon be trying again. Fox has a class operation in Brit Hume's *Special Report*, but its focus on Washington political news obscures some solid reporting from a number of well-staffed domestic beats. MSNBC tried to use its early Iraq war coverage to launch an hour-long show with Brian Williams at the anchor desk. But the product simply looked like what it was: a traditional half-hour newscast stretched to fill an hour. With an audience barely big enough to populate a small shoebox, MSNBC pulled the plug on its conception rather than giving it a chance to develop a personality. But with NBC news personnel to draw on, and the aggressive Rick Kaplan now calling the shots, MSNBC could at some point try again.

Still, a return to Fenton's vividly remembered glory days is unlikely. Even in the best plausible scenarios, the seasoned network or cable correspondent will need support from a web of far-flung stringers and freelance correspondents and crews necessary to make the economics work. These, in turn, are likely to be complemented by print reporters whose journalistic skills include the use of phone cameras and laptops that access the satellites used to feed breaking news reports.

One day, if the public once again demands a top-of-the-line product, old-timers like Tom Fenton can provide the institutional memory of how it was done. ♦

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Humbled by God

A brush with death shakes a poet's sensibility.

BY R. ANDREW NEWMAN

Frederick Turner could be called a Renaissance man. He's composed an epic on the colonization of Mars, written on Shakespeare and free market economics, and sought to ground literary forms in human neurochemistry. But, I suppose, the title would be clichéd. It also could be misleading.

He's much more, in a way, medieval. Across the reality of life that doesn't lend itself to easy division into subjects, he's striven to find and articulate the underlying synthesis, much like a Middle Ages philosopher or theologian working to put all things under the subjection of Christ. A hedgehog with a fox's interests of the many, his sights clearly are on the one. Naturally, the very idea that such a vision of the whole is possible has put him at odds with the postmodernists ascendant in the universities.

Frederick Turner

On the Field of Life, On the Battlefield of Truth
by Frederick Turner
Pivot, 37 pp., $10

In *Culture of Hope: A New Birth of the Classical Spirit* (1995) Turner leaped across disciplines with the ease of a polymath, demonstrating the interplay of mankind's evolution, the marketplace, literature, and religion. His respect for religion is evident, though the treatment is less than sufficient. In its rituals he finds things good and useful for the human psyche and, in its stories, analogies to natural and cultural history. But that which makes a religion a religion is absent: the divine.

His latest work, *On the Field of Life, On the Battlefield of Truth*, moves beyond analogies and helpful rituals to grapple with God. A bout of serious illness prompted Turner to write this deeply personal 32-page poem, so personal, in fact, he considers it "bald autobiography," a type of poetry he's "always snubbed." Like his illness, the poem offering "banal honesty" humbles his "poet's pride," and is akin to a place he goes for "health of soul."

On what he feared might be his deathbed, he rediscovered freedom. And freedom informs everything in the poem: God's identity and intent, the evolving natural world, and the make-up and destiny of man. In great pain, he heard two voices. The first likened men to puppets, God to the puppeteer, and freedom to "another word for ignorance." For the second, matter in motion pulls the strings, the soul dances (really a "scrap of neural ribbon"), and freedom's "another word of ignorance."

His family gone from his side, Turner cried out in pain. A maid cleaning the floors set aside her job, holding his hand and blessing him by the name of the Virgin, *[a]nd more than morphine was the calm that came, / The tears and sweetness of humiliation, / The great professor cradled by a maid.* This was the third voice, an alternative to the others' determinism.

Weakened and entangled in tubes and cords, he could not even reach parts of his body. While his body was in chains, his mind remained unfettered. In revelry of thought, he insisted nature's law is but one thing, freedom. *Those who would say the world is all determined, / Say arrogantly far more than they know / Until we find the final decimal / Of Pie and Phi and C and Planck and G.* The smallest of variations can make vast differences in a universe's unfolding.

The poem's title, taken from a passage in the *Bhagavad-Gita*, refers not only to the battle his body waged against bacteria, but the one his country prepared to launch. Like the poem, the war in Iraq was personal. One son protested, the other wore a uniform. What bothered him most were the lies from the United Nations, respected news networks, and universities, and that *[t]en thousand poets would betray their name / To buy the good opinion of the liars.* As the father of a soldier must, he worried. *But when I saw the statues bend and buckle, / . . . I could not help but see the hand of freedom / Turning once more history's strange dark wheel.*

The hidden hand of God Turner sees and celebrates in the universe's complexity also animates political freedom. He considers the Constitution, with its system of ordered liberty, a "writ of God in its own way." An ecosystem of sorts, it provides freedom and the contextual restraints that make freedom possible.

After the hospitalized reminder of his own mortality, he returned to Mass ("My odd return, after so many years apart"). There, in the "post-beauty" of the post-Vatican II liturgy, "this anxious ape" felt God's all-encompassing love for him. What he finds God loves is his freedom, the freedom he learned again in the hospital, and the freedom he sees in the evolving universe. Parts of his theology may raise some eyebrows, especially the idea of an evolving God, but Turner's pursuit of a vision of the whole is bracing, and his most recent contribution to that search deserves a careful reading. ♦

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The Heart Specialist

The American mind owes a lot to Jonathan Edwards.

BY DANIEL SULLIVAN

"Sixty in a place undergo the works at once . . . Sadness and horror seize them, and hold them some days, and then they feel an 'inward joy' that often first shows itself 'in laughing at the Meeting.' Others are 'sad for want of experiencing this work,' which 'takes up for the present the thoughts and talk of that Country.' Everywhere 'the canting question trumped about is, are you gone through? i.e. Conversion.'"

Jonathan Edwards
America's Evangelical
by Philip F. Gura
Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 284 pp., $24

For Americans who shudder at the thought of open-air revivals and worry about "unprecedented" insertions of religion into the public square, it bears remembering how much the nation's culture is saturated in Christian revivalism and the hope of personal conversion. The excerpt above, from Philip Gura's new biography of Jonathan Edwards (1703-1758), quotes a firsthand account of the revivals that America's most famous Calvinist minister facilitated. In what posterity dubbed "The Great Awakening," Edwards and sympathetic colleagues presided over revivals and Christian conversions throughout the country in the 1730s and '40s. New England, and especially the Connecticut River valley where Edwards ministered, was the wellspring of this outpouring.

Renewed interest in Edwards has helped dispel the narrow notion of him as the forbidding preacher of "Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God." Gura's study further broadens our view of the man, insightfully placing him in the context of the Connecticut River valley's powerful and learned network of Calvinist ministers. He also helpfully explains the conflicts between strictly orthodox Calvinists like Edwards, and more lenient, Arminian (so-called after the 16th-century Dutch theologian Jacobus Arminius) thinkers around Boston. But more than anything else, Gura seeks to explain how the minister's conception of revival and conversion has made him such an iconic figure in American culture. What, Gura asks, makes Edwards America's evangelical?

All Christians are concerned with salvation. A good Calvinist like Edwards believed that God elected to save men independent of their merit, since men are innately corrupt. For Edwards, the grace that brought this salvation caused a deeply emotional experience, a conversion by which God graciously changed hearts. If the abiding question of a Christian concerns his salvation, Edwards put this question into emotional terms: "Has God changed my heart, and how do I know?"

For Americans accustomed to talk of Jesus changing men's hearts, such may seem like standard Christian fare. But this only reflects the extent of Edwards's influence. All Christians believe in conversion and a subsequent spiritual rebirth, but for Catholics and mainline Protestants, conversion itself happens at baptism. And although American Calvinists before Edwards rejected the sacraments as dispensers of grace, and accepted a conversion experience as the only sign of salvation, they did not locate that experience so emphatically in the heart.

Edwards spent a career encouraging examination of the heart, and eagerly hungering for its conversion. The revivals for which he was famous were merely dramatic public testimonies of the inner spiritual experience that urged the unrepentant to give themselves to God. When the nineteenth century rediscovered Edwards after the Revolutionary era, it was his evangelical faith in a change of heart that it admired. Edwards's insistence on "the necessity for individual experience of conversion [and] emotion as a central

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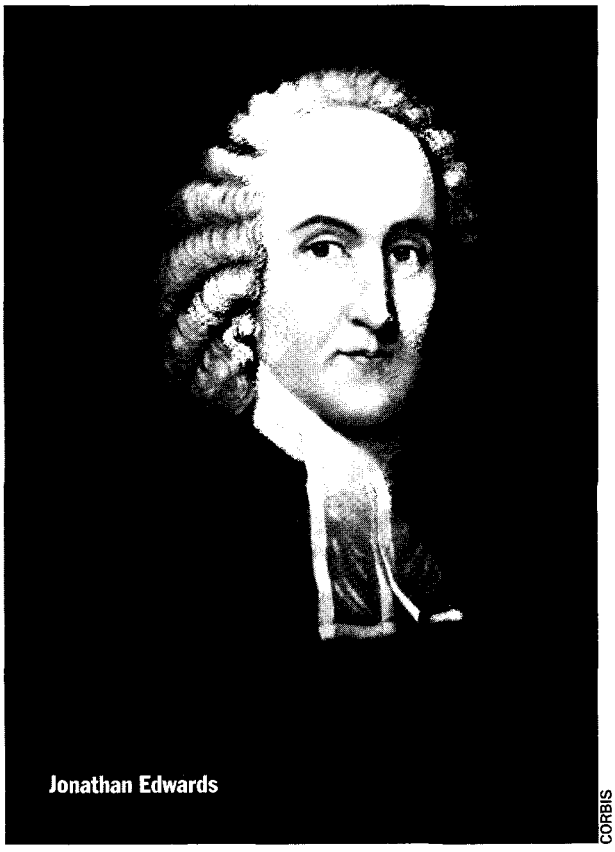

Jonathan Edwards

CORBIS

component to this experience and thus to the religious life" was very appealing to the antebellum American personality and, Gura argues, to our own. Certainly Edwards's "religion of the heart" seems to reinforce our own affirmation of personal sentimentalism.

But betraying his admiration for Edwards, Gura envisions a larger role for Edwards's psychology of conversion: The energy of the "new birth," which came from conversion, "engendered human agency in people who had hitherto not known it." Gura sees these "liberated and awakened souls" in the patriots of 1776, the abolitionists of the 1850s, and the soldiers of the Civil War, people "exhilarated at what the power of God within them allowed them to dream and accomplish." One might think also of a political version of the "new birth" preached at Gettysburg. For Gura, then, Edwards's evangelicalism is at the heart of America's sense of individualism, search for personal renovation, and belief in the possibility of revolutionary and moral change.

Of course, Gura does not associate these heroic moments exclusively with Jonathan Edwards. Doubtless he means only to illuminate some of the hidden cultural byways of history. But his apologetic tone ignores a more nuanced result of Edwards's evangelicalism. The reader can find it in Gura's book, although the author does not acknowledge it.

Even as his revivals generated eagerness among his audience to lead a Christian life, and persuaded many that they had experienced changes of heart, the question nagged Edwards: "How do I retain the energy?" He never answered it, and, after two periods of "awakening," his own flock in Northampton, Massachusetts, slid back into its old, selfish ways and eventually dismissed him as its minister.

If Edwards's revivalism sparked spiritual revolution in the community, its aftermath became a permanent anxiety about how to routinize that revolution. The dilemma is analogous to that faced by new regimes after the fires of political revolution cool. As his revivals died down, Edwards looked continually, even desperately, for new opportunities to fan the flames, at one point heralding the collapse of a church balcony (in which no one was hurt) as a gracious act of God.

This anxiety over the genuineness of religious conversion, so evident in Edwards's life and career, seems to affect American cultural life as much as the empowerment of the "new birth." To seek life-altering spiritual rebirth is to face constant disappointment at the things that remain unchanged in this life. American restlessness and energy may be driven in part by this psychological dynamic, which reflects the image, from the Jews in the desert to Christians on pilgrimage, of God's as a sojourning people in this world.

Edwards was uniquely attuned to the psychology of conversion, and his endless revolution against spiritual complacency, with its anxiety as well as its hope, still agitates the American psyche. ♦

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The Voice of Cuba

Exile couldn't silence a master of the Spanish language.

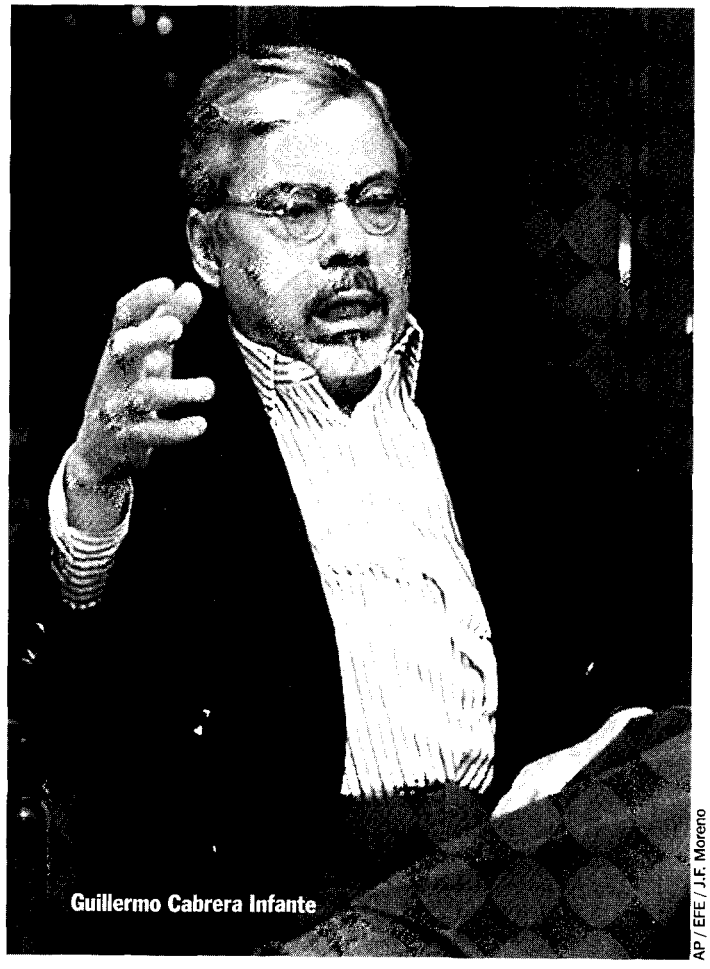
BY STEPHEN SCHWARTZ

On February 21, the Cuban exile author Guillermo Cabrera Infante died, at 75, in a London hospital. His passing was an immense loss not only for the anti-Castro diaspora, but for Spanish literature, of which he was one of the greatest recent exponents.

He was a unique representative of Cuba's cultural history. Although such a time now seems part of an improbable fantasy, and as distant as a long-past geological age, Cabrera Infante entered the maturity of his career 40 years ago, when the Castro dictatorship was the only Moscow-line Communist state that seemed to encourage unrestrained experimentation in the arts.

In the rest of the Communist world, at that time, cultural modernism was extremely scarce. Poland had produced brilliant films like Andrzej Wajda's *Kanal* (1957) and the spectacular *Ashes and Diamonds* (1958), the latter with an anti-Communist terrorist as its antihero. Roman Polanski was known to the world only for his absurdist short film, *Two Men and a Wardrobe* (1958), and an existential, erotic tale, *Knife in the Water* (1962).

A handful of Soviet motion pictures, in which the typical propaganda lines were understated, or absent, had been released in the West, but were hardly daring in their presentation. In Prague, a small group of literary scholars had undertaken the bold project of defending Franz Kafka and James Joyce. Yugoslavia, considered outside the Soviet bloc, encouraged artistic modernism, but relatively little of its product, aside from a school of "naive" painting, was exported.



Guillermo Cabrera Infante

AP / EFE / J.F. Moreno

Beginning in 1959, Cuba had been notably, if briefly, different. Cabrera Infante, mainly known as a film critic, was one of several brilliant, independent-minded journalists who joined the Castro movement. Early in the revolution, Cuban newspapers and magazines were lively and original, even as Che Guevara was recruiting fascist sympathizers of Juan Perón from Argentina for terror missions across South America, and Castro was preparing to welcome nuclear missiles sent by Nikita Khrushchev.

Yet even before the 1962 missile crisis, Moscow-style conformity was on the march in Havana. Cabrera Infante was the son of prominent members of the Cuban Communist party, and he knew all the worst details of Stalinism's history on the island, including its involvement in the murder of dissident leftists and its cooperation with Castro's predecessor, the dictator Fulgencio Batista. In 1960 Cabrera Infante published his first book, *Así en la paz como en la Guerra* (*Thus in Peace As in War*), a collection of articles published in leading magazines, and some short texts describing the criminal and political violence of the Batista era.

Cabrera Infante became a leading figure on the staff of *Lunes de Revolución*, the weekly cultural section of the Castro organization's official organ; but the supplement was shut down in 1961. The suppression of *Lunes* followed the first major act of censorship against Cuban culture: Along with his brother, Sabra, and the filmmaker Orlando Jiménez Leal, Cabrera Infante had coproduced a film entitled *P.M.*, a documentary of Havana's notorious nightlife. *P.M.* was judged by the new rulers to be an offense to socialist morality, and the

Stephen Schwartz, a frequent contributor to THE WEEKLY STANDARD, *recently wrote about Arthur Miller.*

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AFP / Getty Images

Cabrera Infante (left) "taking a break during a voluntary work day," Havana, 1959

closing of the Cuban mind had begun.

Diplomatic postings for inconvenient intellectuals are an old habit in Latin America, and Cabrera Infante was sent to Brussels as cultural attaché, where he remained until 1965. He published his second book, *Vista del amanecer en los tropicos* (*View of Dawn in the Tropics*), which won him a Spanish literary prize and acclaim in Cuba. But after a trip to the island following his mother's death, he went into exile, first in Spain and then in Britain. His mind set free, he composed his first classic, *Tres Tristes Tigres*, published in English as *Three Trapped Tigers*, in 1971.

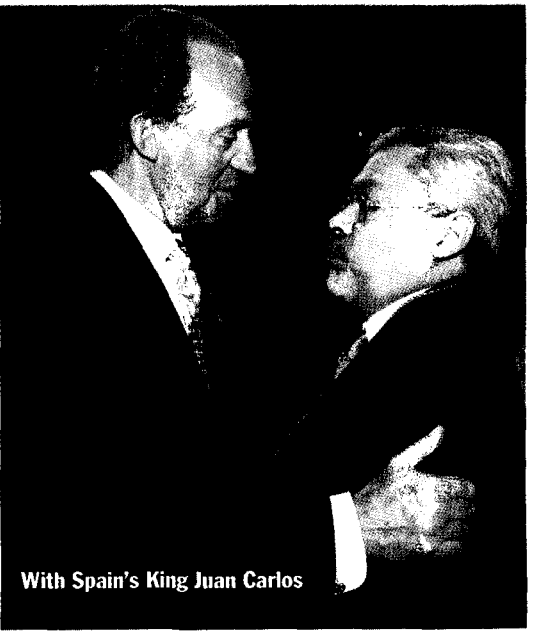
The few foreigners interested in Cuban revolutionary dissidents at that time were breathless with amazement at the full revelation of Cabrera Infante's talent. *Three Trapped Tigers* was a miniature encyclopedia of Cuban sexuality, humor, and idiomatic invention. The great Peruvian writer Mario Vargas Llosa put Cabrera Infante in a unique class, along with Lewis Carroll and Joyce. Indeed, Cabrera Infante was the only Spanish writer to bear serious comparison with the author of *Ulysses*.

Three Trapped Tigers began with an unforgettable display of bilingual fireworks, setting the stage for a novel that worked as a circus and carnival as much as an epic of political satire. It was set in Havana's best-known attraction, famous for its gorgeous dancers: "Showtime! *Señores y señoras*. Ladies and gentlemen. And a very good evening to you all, ladies and gentlemen. *Muy buenas noches, damas y caballeros*. Tropicana! the MOST fabulous nightclub in the WORLD—*el cabaret MAS fabuloso del mundo*..."

Spanish literature would never be the same. In addition, the anti-Castro diaspora now boasted a new, and distinguished, representative. Loyal Castroites, especially outside Cuba, have fostered the legend that Cuban literature and publishing, emerging from a void of illiteracy, began around 1959. In reality, Cuba has always been a power in Hispanic culture, and Castro drove many of its greatest representatives into silence and exile. Some of the best Cuban authors were also homosexual, and they, too, ran afoul of the new atmosphere imposed by Castro and his Russian mentors. Virgilio Piñera, one of the finest short story writers in any language, and successor to Cabrera Infante as head of a major post-revolutionary publishing house, was arrested soon after taking his new job. And the novelist Reinaldo Arenas, then unknown, was sentenced to forced labor as a sugar worker. Their only offense was their sexual orientation.

Many distinguished Cuban intellectuals, including more veterans of the Castro revolution, migrated to Miami to keep their national culture alive; others went to Spain, France, or Italy. But Cabrera Infante stood above all of them, his irresistible humor serving as a sharp polemical sword against the crimes of the Castro regime. His later books included the multidimensional *Infante's Inferno* (1979); the gleeful *Holy Smoke* (1985), written in English and exalting that unsurpassable Cuban invention, the cigar; and an indispensable volume, *Mea Cuba* (1991), his summary examination of the tragedy he and his people had suffered. He also published translations of his earlier works, and film criticism, while producing screenplays. The Cuban-born actor Andy Garcia is now completing *The Lost City*, with Dustin Hoffman and Bill Murray, a cinema adaptation of *Three Trapped Tigers*.

In Cuba's official media, Cabrera Infante's death was met with silence, although some leading writers still on the island spoke out, discreetly, in praise of him. I have always considered him a mentor, and had the pleasure of a personal encounter with him. Although his death came after a full life, I will mourn him, waiting with his many friends for the end of the Cuban nightmare, and full recognition of his greatness in the land where he was born. ◆



AP / Manuel H. De Leon

With Spain's King Juan Carlos

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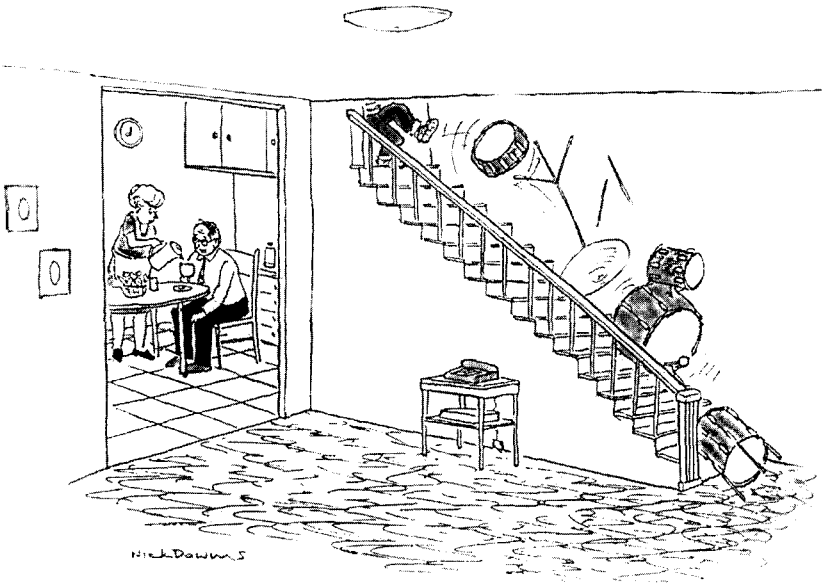

"His drumming's improving."

Books in Brief

***Privilege: Harvard and the Education of the Ruling Class* by Ross Gregory Douthat (Hyperion, 288 pp., $24.95)** You've finished Tom Wolfe's *I Am Charlotte Simmons*, and you want more. More alcohol-soaked frat parties, more college boys and girls "hooking up," more about America's co-eds stretching their minds and their bodies until, like silly putty, they reach a breaking point. If that's the case, then Ross Douthat's *Privilege* is just the—well, wait a second. Actually, Douthat's college memoir doesn't mention any frats, since there is virtually no Greek life at Harvard, from which Douthat graduated in 2002. And even though Douthat drank a lot of alcohol, he didn't drink to dangerous excess. Perhaps as a result, the sex inside these Ivy-trellised pages is mostly imagined. Parents shouldn't fear. Douthat's Harvard is not Wolfe's fictional Dupont.

Which may be the point. When Douthat arrived in Cambridge in the fall of 1998, he was filled with ambition, literary and psychological—"At Harvard I would be happy," he writes. "At Harvard I would be cool." He spoke too soon. Imagining, as he puts it, the "Harvard of our unrequited dreams," upon enrollment Douthat discovered instead that he had entered a sprawling degree factory: an ancient, teeming series of buildings in which ambitious overachievers made the connections, secured the internships, and finagled the jobs that allow them to ascend ever upwards.

Harvard used to be the place where the country's WASP elite got an education. But, taking a page from David Brooks, Douthat argues that the aristocratic elite has been replaced by a meritocratic one. "For today's Harvard students"—and, one hastens to add, for students at elite schools in general—"there is nothing accidental or random about their position in society. They belong exactly where they are—the standardized tests and the college admissions officers have spoken, and their word is final."

This leads to arrogance, to a sense of—you guessed it—privilege, but it may also lead to confusion. Sometimes the meritocratic system doesn't work. Sometimes its beneficiaries become alienated, even corrupt. Douthat explores these and other issues, and has a lot of fun along the way, in his well written and insightful book.

—Matthew Continetti

***Chloe Does Yale* by Natalie Krinsky (Hyperion, 258 pp., $19.95)** The sex at Harvard may be "mostly imagined" but, according to Natalie Krinsky, no one does much else at Yale. Chloe, Krinsky's alter ego, is the kind of girl who has been on the Booty Cam at Toad's Place more often than she has been to her financial markets class. Chloe, like Natalie, writes a gossipy sex column for the *Yale Daily News*. But (wait for the chick-lit twist . . .) she is actually not sexually confident at all, and really only wants to find love.

Fortunately, the book's cover is neon pink, which virtually guarantees a happy ending. But before she gets the guy, Chloe ponders the big questions in life. For example: "Natural Light [beer]—neither natural nor very light; discuss amongst yourselves" and "Quite frankly, when was the last time you hooked up with someone who respected you, much less loved you? High school?"

Krinsky's project is not so different from Tom Wolfe's, or Ross Douthat's. Why, she asks, does everyone who shows up at college act like a nymphomaniac lunatic for four years, utterly fail to attend class or read books, and yet still get to run the country? Her vodka-induced musings are far from systematic, but the college-bound could do worse than prepare for campus life by reading *Chloe* paired with *Privilege*.

—Katherine Mangu-Ward

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Parody

Senator Robert C. Byrd (D-W.Va.) denounced any strategy by Republicans that would "curtail the right of extended debate in this hallowed chamber. . . . The claim that no right exists to filibuster judges aims an arrow straight at the heart of the Senate's long tradition of unlimited debate. . . . We, unlike Nazi Germany or Mussolini's Italy, have never stopped being a nation of laws." **—News Item**

CONGRESSIONAL RECORD — SENATE

not even the worst excesses of Adolf Hitler's perversion of the rule of law, which, *ipso fatso*, this commander in chief, in his unmitigated arrogance—

Mr. CLAGHORN. Would the senator—Ah say—would the senator yield?

Mr. BYRD. Not only do I decline to yield, Mr. President, but, *mucous mutandis*, I stand in the shadow of those giants who, *in loco praying mantis*, stood in the well of this chamber and defended, *inter allah*, the prerogatives of the legislative branch, as enumerated, *ipse dixie*, in the Constitution of the United States. Let the Senate note, and let the President of the Senate note for the record, that neither Adolf Hitler nor Benito Mussolini, *res ipsa licorice*, loved the Constitution as this Senator does.

Mr. THROTTLEBOTTOM. The clerk will so note.

Mr. BYRD. And that the *de factoid* head of the executive branch, Mr. Bush, whose *magnum porpoise* was delivered in the other chamber not six weeks ago, has attacked that same Constitution, *ad eminem*, with a virulence and vituperation, *magnum cum lawdy*, not seen since the days of the Third Reich.

Mr. President, I see that my distinguished colleague from Arkansas has entered the chamber, *linguini franca*, and I know that he believes with me that our beloved Constitution, as they say in that great state, is *soo-eee generis*. The voice of the people, *mahogany dictum*, shall be heard. Yet who among us, who stand here today defending, *ad infanticide*, that same Constitution, can ignore the words so boldly, and so proudly, printed on each and every pack of Pall Mall cigarettes: *In hoc Senor Wences*? Certainly not this Senator.

Mr. President, neither George W. Bush nor Adolf J. Hitler will succeed in their endeavor, *noli mi tangerine*, to deny this Senate the right to advise and consent, *carpet diem*. Nor will it prostrate itself, as the great Roman kleagle Cassius Marcellus Clay was wont to do, before the threatening hordes of Nazi Germany or Fascist Italy [illegible], *Fra Angelica*, the heavens [illegible]elves cried out against—I notice, Mr. [illegible], that the distinguished member [illegible]ead at the mention of "kleagle." [illegible]py to digress for a moment [illegible] Senate memories of my [illegible]nderful West[illegible]

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Cops and Citizens

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As a newly promoted patrol supervisor in Manhattan, I learned a lesson that stuck with me for the rest of my thirty-five years in policing. An inspector (a God-like rank to a sergeant) took me to a meeting with citizens angry at cops.

The confrontation took place with a group of reform Democrats on upper Broadway near Columbia University. The crowd was largely, if not exclusively, Jewish. The big, ruddy-faced Irish inspector in a rumpled suit was known for his curt manner, but he listened patiently to complaints about how cops were rude and indifferent to citizens' problems, spending more time sitting around restaurants having free coffee and meals than on assigned foot patrol.

Baby faced and with a crisp new uniform, I silently conceded that many of the criticisms were justified. But the charges got more serious. Cops were unnecessarily rough, outright brutal, racist, and fascist and pushed people around at whim.

People of the Jewish faith were, in fact, underrepresented on the force. It was a safe guess that none of the people present were acquainted with a cop or had a relative in the department. The more grievous charges stemmed from the common misconception that the police were the beginning and end of the criminal justice system. Cops were expected to stop crime and to subdue potentially lethal people with the magical judo often seen in television shows and movies.

Finally, the inspector said: **"Ladies and gentlemen, just remember one thing. If it weren't for us cops, you'd have to do what we do!"**

A silence fell. I could picture people's imaginations at work, conjuring up images of dangerous criminals, drunks, or deranged individuals threatening them, without a cop arriving to protect the innocent by putting themselves in harm's way. People also envisioned gory accidents, dealing with suicides or the bodies of elderly people found alone in their apartments weeks after their deaths, and the myriad of other unpleasant duties shouldered by the police.

The tone of the meeting abruptly changed. People assured us that they weren't anti-cop. They had reasonable complaints, but the main purpose of the meeting was to see how they could help the police do their jobs.

I took away from the meeting the conviction that, **to be effective, cops and communities need frank discussions**. Rank-and-file cops improve their behavior when exposed to public opinion. In turn, when citizens learn the complexities of the police job, they are more inclined to form partnerships with the police to keep their neighborhoods safe. Cops learn that support from law-abiding citizens is their best asset. It is the civilian who dials 911 to report a crime, who helps police gather evidence, who volunteers to testify, and, who as a juror, believes police testimony.

I served as police chief for two large cities after retiring from the NYPD with the rank of inspector. During those eighteen years, I found that frequent, candid discussions between beat cops and citizens weren't mushy, feel-good public relations. Meetings like the one on Broadway, and those I instituted in Kansas City, Missouri, and San Jose, California, reduce crime, increase cops' job satisfaction, and improve people's quality of life.

—Joseph D. McNamara

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